MAY 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-ONE, NUMBER FIVE

CONTAINING CHINA

A Round-Table Discussion

BERNARD B. FALL

RICHARD N. GOODWIN

GEORGE McGOVERN

JOHN P. ROCHE

YOUNG IN THE THIRTIES: Lionel Trilling

ART, POLITICS, & THE SOVIET WRITER: Theodore Frankel

THE AUTOMATION REPORT: Robert Lekachman

CROUCH—A Story: Deirdre Levinson

FILM CHRONICLE: Warren Coffey

BOOKS IN REVIEW

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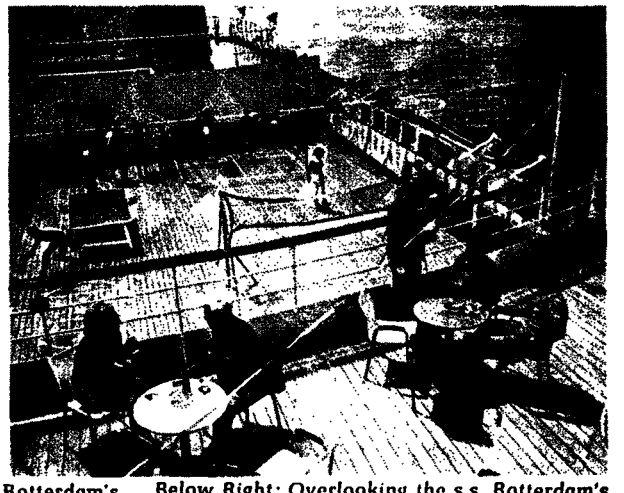
Top Right: One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.



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Commentary

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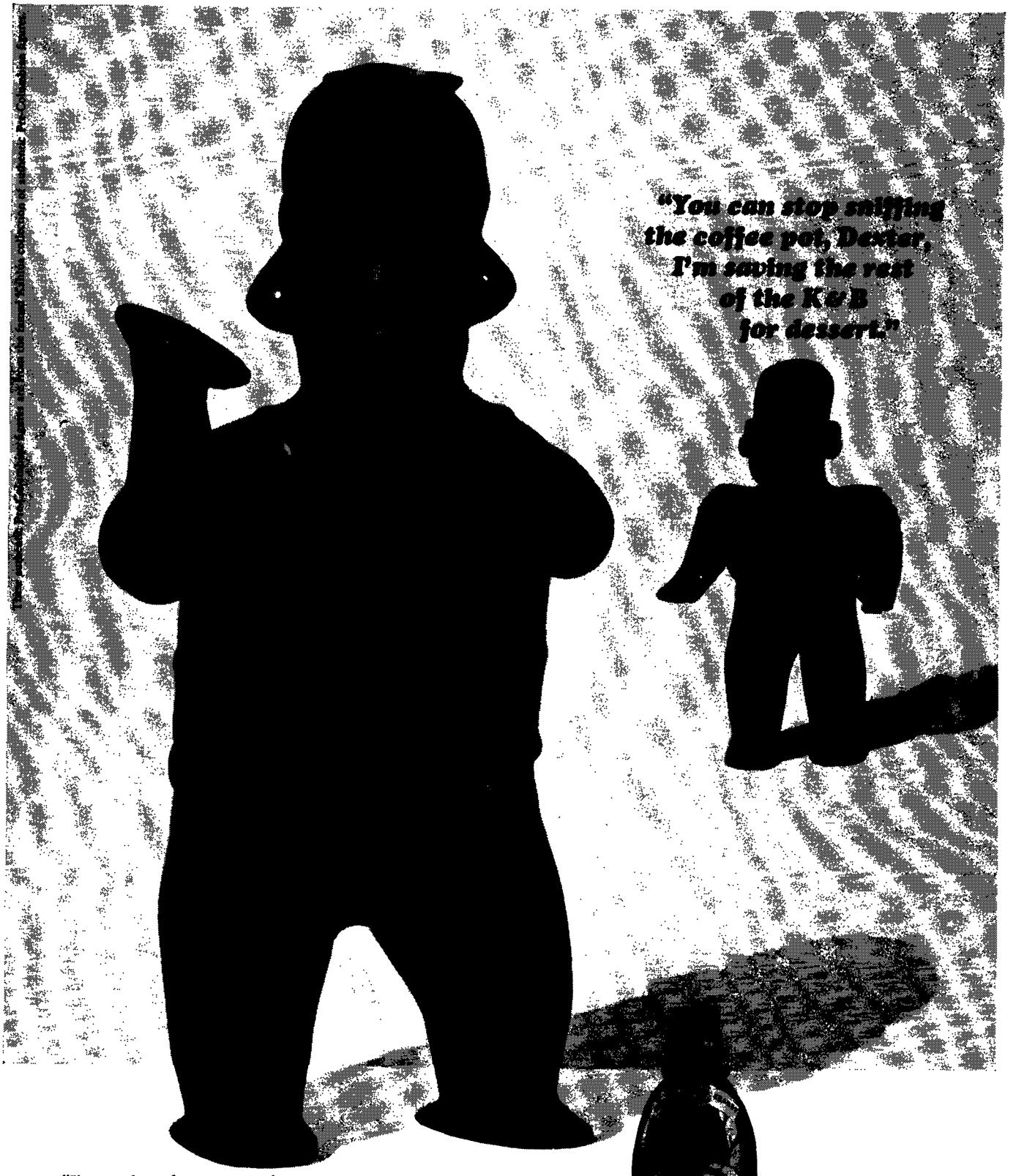

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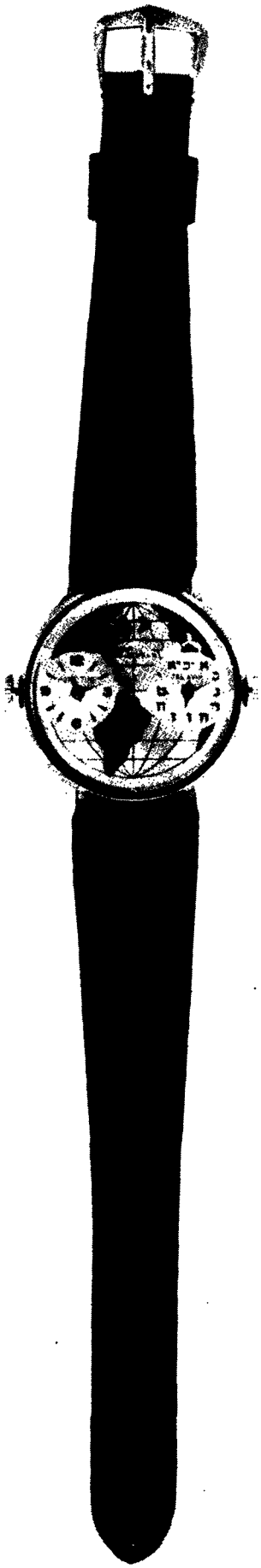

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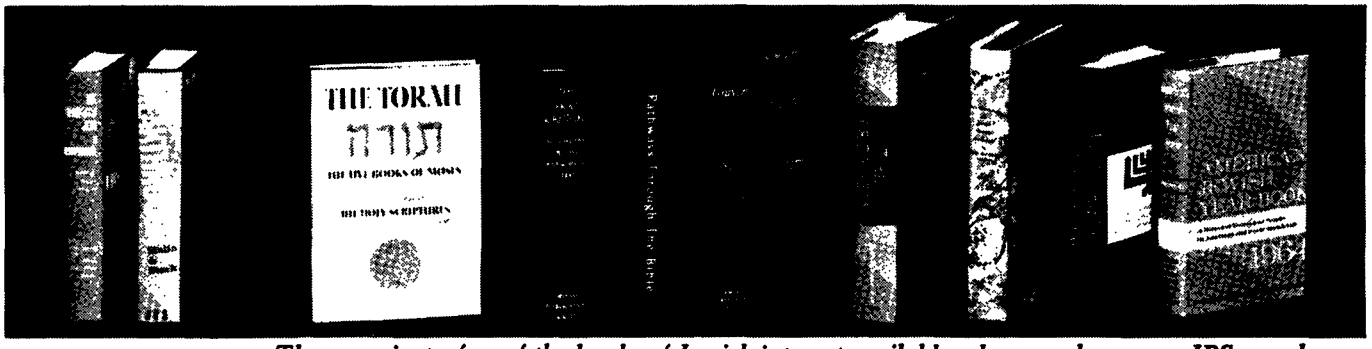

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The Dominican Crisis (Cont'd)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Heartiest congratulations on "The Dominican Crisis: A Case Study in American Policy" by Theodore Draper [December 1965]. . . .

It is an outstanding piece of reporting and analyzing and deserves the widest circulation. I very much wish that reprints could be made available and that copies could be sent to every member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

(Sen.) ERNEST GRUENING
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Draper's article seems to boil down to a nervous apologia for Juan Bosch, plus an implied plea to give him another chance to govern the Dominican Republic.

The trouble is, though, that Bosch consistently exhibits a type of inflexible idealism that unnerves even his own supporters in the Betancourt-Figueres-Muñoz Marin camp. . . . That he lacks any skill at practical politics was amply demonstrated during his seven-month administration when he managed to alienate just about everyone including . . . leaders of the democratic labor movement. . . .

Particularly hard to justify is Bosch's attitude at the start of the recent crisis. By voluntarily dropping his legal claim to the presidency, he eliminated the rallying point for Dominican democrats. Control of the Dominican administration was then up for grabs since Bosch's resignation made everyone's claim equally valid.

Most disheartening was his refusal to return to the Dominican Republic in those early days when his presence might well have proved decisive. Instead, he remained, of all places, on U.S. soil while bleating against U.S. imperialism. . . .

Finally, Bosch's "softness" on Communism is a legitimate charge. Mr. Draper twice emphasizes that Bosch finally accepted Figueres's formula: "Constitutional government, without Communism and without Trujilloism." Why was such a "formula" necessary in the first place? . . .

Upon the assassination of Trujillo in 1961, Communists flocked into the Dominican Republic and, as they invariably do, made straight for organized labor. But they were met head-on by flying squads of exiled Dominican labor leaders trained by the Inter-American Regional Workers Organization (ORIT). Bloody clashes followed. . . . But free labor won and set up CONATRAL, a democratic labor confederation representing a clear majority of organized labor. The Communists did not give up, however, and the fight was far from over. Thus, Bosch's tolerance of Communist activities was understandably interpreted by free labor as giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

By the time of the April crisis, a split had occurred between CONATRAL and the remnant of Bosch supporters. The latter amalgamated with the Communists in a confederation known as FOUPSA-CESITRADO.

Leaders of CONATRAL and the ORIT did not pooh-pooh Communist influence during the April crisis, for they had evidence. On April 26th the rebels broke into arsenals and distributed arms. That very night a Communist band sacked CONATRAL headquarters, wrecking and stealing equipment and destroying the files. But the headquarters of FOUPSA-CESITRADO and CASC (Christian Confederation), both in the rebel zone, remained untouched.

At this very moment, free labor in the Dominican Republic is engaged in a hard battle, sadly unreported in the press, to keep the mass organizations out of Communist hands—a prerequisite to democratic elections (as it was for Bosch's). Having done the job once for Bosch with such disheartening results, should free labor do it again?

IRVING KALIN
Queens, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations on Theodore Draper's excellent analysis of the unhappy Dominican Republic affair. He has documented most effectively the inability of our government to understand the revolutionary *non-Communist* upsurge in Latin America. Several years ago, Teodoro Mososco, former U.S. Co-ordinator of the Alliance for Progress, said:

> I think John F. Kennedy made the right diagnosis three and a half years ago. He saw a revolution in the making, and he sought to come to terms with it. . . . Today we are still using money, more than before. But do we remember that there is a revolution going on?

And lest anyone suspect Mososco of being a firebrand, he was a solid Puerto Rican businessman when he accepted the Alliance job.

It has taken us several years to learn what needs to be done—*politically*—in South Vietnam. I am unsure about whether we shall bring it off in Vietnam. I am, however, more sanguine about Latin America and American foreign policy. The recent appointment of Lincoln Gordon as Asst. Secretary of State for Latin American affairs and the diminution of Mr. Mann's role in Latin America give me some hope. In the meantime, Draper's article is the kind of useful criticism needed to understand the vagaries of American foreign policy.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Draper's article goes into great detail about a tragic and confusing situation. However, he draws much of his information from statements by rebel sympathizers while ignoring or ridiculing American officials and Dominican Loyalists.

He makes much of the rebels' calls for help to the U.S., for example, but dismisses lightly at least three calls to Castro's Cuba. If these men were so readily prepared to turn to Cuba for aid and comfort, is it not logical to conclude that Communism could have been the destiny for the Dominican Republic had we not arrived on the scene so quickly?

Castro did not admit his political leanings until he thought the time was ripe. Then he stated that he was a Marxist-Leninist, always was, and always would be. How many Cuban intellectuals would have thought of Castro as a Communist in 1954?

. . . No one, Mr. Draper included, will ever know whether our policy

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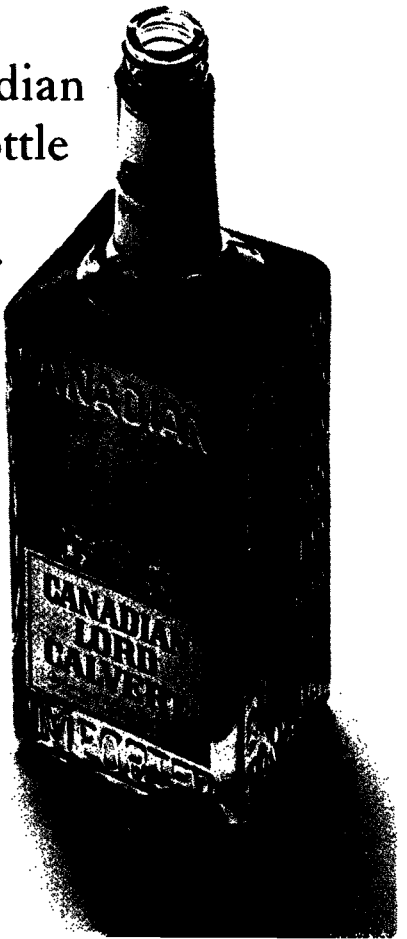

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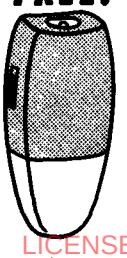

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in the Dominican Republic was a failure or a success since the rebels were never given the opportunity to form a government. . . .

SHELDON GREENBERG
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations to Theodore Draper, and to COMMENTARY for having published his remarkable article—thus far the best analysis of the situation in Santo Domingo.

Perhaps Mr. Draper would be interested in this extra bit of information with reference to the U.S. press coverage of the Dominican uprising: immediately after the U.S. intervened, a reporter for the *San Juan Star*, Puerto Rico's English-language daily, who serves as a stringer for *Time* magazine, received a cable from *Time* asking him to interview Dominicans fleeing from their country and arriving in San Juan. The cable also said in effect: Get quotes from them, saying how relieved they were that the U.S. had intervened.

This may not be the exact wording, but I have been informed of this cable by three different members of the *Star* staff on three separate occasions, and each one's version of the message is almost identical.

I spent over a week in Santo Domingo in May 1965, covering the situation for my own magazine and was amazed at the way the U.S. "news magazines" described the events of that period. . . .

Perhaps the wildest bit of reporting (I prefer to regard it as wishful thinking) was a *Life* piece last summer:

> Juan Bosch is given to obscure philosophical concepts such as wondering aloud how it is that water gets inside the coconut . . . there isn't anything Bosch can do to duck Communist sponsorship other than return to exile and forget about running for president again.

I call this "wishful thinking" because Bosch's presence creates a knotty problem for the U.S. and the O.A.S. He is the lawfully elected president, and if he decides to run again in the forthcoming planned elections, there seems little doubt that he would win. Bosch is quite bitter about both the *golpe de estado* which unseated him and the U.S. intervention last April. With Bosch in Santo Domingo's presidential palace, the U.S. would

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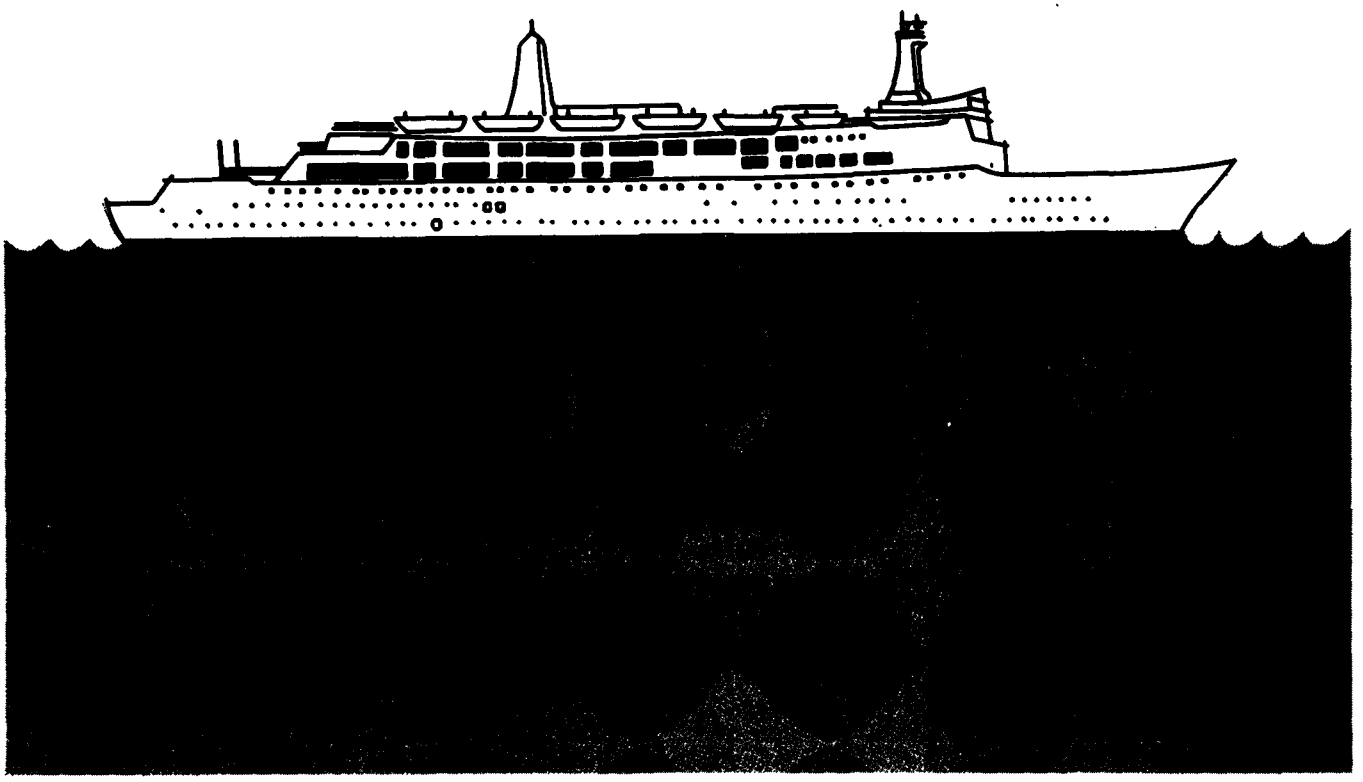

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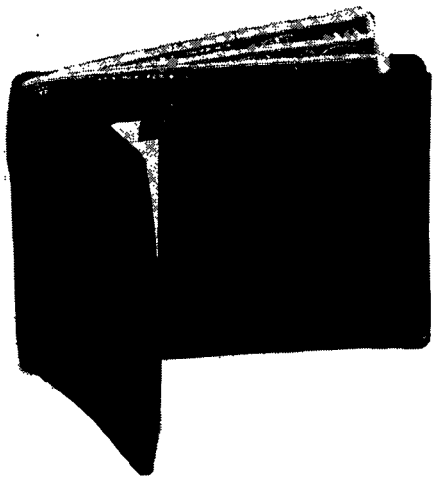

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have a real "maverick" on its hands. And so far as the "Communism" issue in Santo Domingo is concerned: In the Trujillo era, the Dominican government owned or controlled about 80 per cent of all Dominican commerce. Since Communism, in part, means state control over the economic resources and production of a nation, one wonders just what difference there would be between a Communist-controlled Dominican Republic and the Dominican Republic of the Trujillo era so far as the freedom and prosperity of the Dominican people are concerned.

Unfortunately, however, the freedom and prosperity of the Dominican people do not seem to be the issue in the current Dominican crisis. The real issue is maintaining the delicate global equilibrium of power between the U.S. and the Communist bloc. People don't seem to count anymore. Or did they ever?

KAL WAGENHEIM
Editor
San Juan Review
San Juan, Puerto Rico

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Reading Mr. Draper's brilliant exposé nearly a year after the event only serves to confirm a sense of one's own (and our) political impotence.

It is depressing to learn, once again, that the daily papers are useless as organs of information, not to mention analysis. . . . The average layman requires a continuing course of study in political affairs before he is capable of separating fact from fiction. . . . I'm thankful that some among us, like Mr. Draper, are not put off by the horrendous difficulty of getting at the facts.

ROBERTA MAISEL
Davis, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Draper deserves our thanks for another lucid, penetrating, and devastatingly effective article. I am concerned, however, that Mr. Draper, through the use he makes of a single paragraph in my *Foreign Affairs* piece of last October 1965, may inadvertently have identified me as an apologist for the administration's Dominican policy and actions.

I have been publicly on record as opposed to the Dominican intervention since last June 6th when, in an article in the *New York Times Magazine*, I characterized the intervention as a "disaster" and traced it to a "tragic miscalculation." I went on to find the roots of the miscalculation in the administration's nearly obsessive concern with Communism in this hemisphere.

In the *Foreign Affairs* piece, I tried to make a sustained plea for greater restraint, better intelligence, increased understanding, and less presumptuousness in our dealings with the countries of the Caribbean and, more broadly, Latin America. My closing lines are these:

> Above all, let us not conclude automatically that because known Communists are associated with popular movements, even movements sired by violence out of desperation, that the movements are ineradicably tainted. What it comes down to is this: Do we, or do we not, have confidence in the Latin Americans? Hard though the choice is, we cannot really have it both ways.

Mr. Draper's disagreement is not with me but rather with the administration, whose position I tried accurately to reflect in the paragraph he quotes.

JOHN N. PLANK
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Draper's reporting on recent Cuban history has been, to say the least, accurate. That I know, having been one of its participants. Consequently, I am inclined to believe what Draper writes on related subjects. From what he says in the December issue of COMMENTARY, democratic Americans have a right to be indignant about the way certain U.S. authorities have dealt with the Dominican crisis. But as a Cuban, I do find some comfort in what has lately been happening; after all, Wessin y Wessin is in Miami among the Batista henchmen, and Bosch is back in his own country.

In spite of whatever previous errors may have been pointed out, the U.S. is doing something in Dominica, and—recently—in the right direction. The U.S.'s hand-picked García Godoy seems to be democratic and honest; free elections are due to be held fairly soon and the American troops are remaining there, guaranteeing a democratic future against the

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daily conspiracy both of the Right and of the Communists.

The U.S. goal now seems to be the installation of a true democracy in the Dominican Republic. If that interpretation is correct, Bosch and the rest of the Dominican liberals ought to cooperate with the U.S. The U.S. alone cannot do that job and neither, I am afraid, could the Dominicans now, if left to themselves.

What some Americans did wrong is past history now. Dominican leaders should not put their own personal feelings—even if these are justified—above the general interests of their country. They should also keep in mind that in addition to the Ugly Americans, there are also many others that are truly democratic. I have a right to give that type of advice because whatever happens in the Dominican Republic will influence the future of my own country.

RUFO LÓPEZ-FRESQUET
Isla Verde, Puerto Rico

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Let me add my voice to what surely will be a torrent of praise for Theodore Draper's superb article. Not only is it an example of intellectual journalism at its best; the article could serve as a model for the kind of political action—for an article like this constitutes an *act*—in which intellectuals of the liberal-left ought to engage.

IRVING HOWE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations on the extraordinary study by Professor Theodore Draper.

My faith in democracy is strengthened when a citizen of a military power at war can examine his government's actions so thoroughly. My faith in our culture is reborn when a political scientist can be so scholarly and so fair on policies of which he disapproves.

As a non-U.S. citizen who lived through part of the storm, I feel inclined to be more generous in my own appraisals. Knowing a little about Latin-American limitations, I would say that the U.S. handling of the crisis may have been a mismanagement of an unmanageable situation.

From another angle, this may be a case in which Carlyle—rather than Marx, or Toynbee—was right about what makes history: The U.S.-Dominican crisis was, or is, in a restricted sense, a tale of two men.

Both men are my friends, and both have my admiration. This world would be a better place if Mr. Thomas Mann had a dose of Mr. Juan Bosch's idealism, and if Bosch (like many of us) had a dose of Mann's effectiveness.

I have never discovered a trace of malice in Mr. Mann's skepticism, or a trace of moral weakness in Mr. Bosch's unusual personality. As is the case with most men, their virtues may be the cause of their shortcomings.

One of my own shortcomings (as this letter may show) is a tendency toward oversimplification. My immediate recipe for the Dominican Republic is simple and prosaic: provide food for everybody who needs it, during a few weeks or months; meanwhile, organize full employment even if you have to dig holes and fill them again. The political problems will not disappear, but they will diminish. Then, undertake long range programs.

To author Draper, thanks for a great document.

JOSÉ FIGUERES
San José, Costa Rica

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I consider Mr. Draper's article a most thorough and complete observation of the whole Dominican development.

(Sen.) EUGENE J. MCCARTHY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

MR. DRAPER writes:

Mr. Kalin's letter represents the same school of thought in the "free labor movement" in the Dominican Republic and in the United States which made it become the ally of General Wessin y Wessin and lend itself to the defamation of Juan Bosch. I gave some of the details in my article in *The New Republic* of February 19, 1966 and need not repeat them here. If this is the best the "free labor movement" can do, a mockery has been made of the words "free" and "labor." For the rest, I merely wish to correct some of Mr. Kalin's misconceptions. It is not true that "Bosch's resignation made everyone's claim equally valid." Article 132 of the 1963 Constitution provided for the succession in case of the temporary or permanent absence of the president. Also, Mr. Kalin's version of

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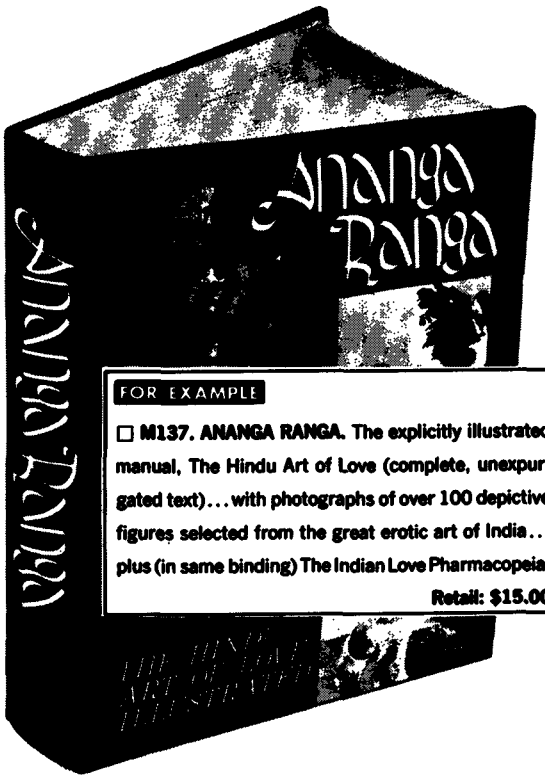

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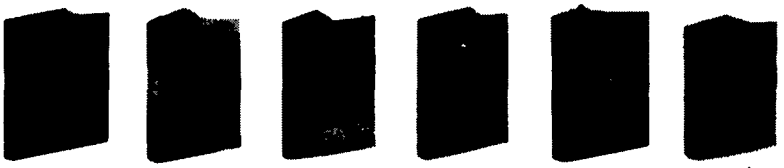

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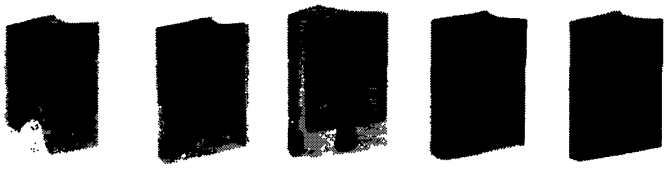

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how CONATRAL was set up is largely mythical. If it represented a clear majority of Dominican organized labor, the recent general strikes would have been impossible. The idea that CONATRAL made Bosch's election possible in December 1962 is simply laughable. The only thing that CONATRAL's record demonstrates is that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s policy-makers for Latin America and their Dominican protegés have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the days of Batista in Cuba.

Sheldon Greenberg refers to the rebels' "three calls to Castro's Cuba." This is a pure fabrication. As for Fidel Castro, he never stated that "he was a Marxist-Leninist, always was and always would be." In his famous speech of December 2, 1961, he said: "I am a Marxist-Leninist, and I will be one until the last day of my life." Mr. Greenberg has gratuitously added the two words "always was."

I wish it were possible to get the editors of *Time* to comment on the second paragraph of Mr. Wagenheim's letter.

For a change, I can be more optimistic than someone else. I cannot agree with Roberta Maisel that our newspapers proved to be "useless as organs of information" during the Dominican crisis. I still think that many of our correspondents displayed a rare and almost reckless courage, and what they did for us was far from useless.

I AM glad that Professor Plank reminds us of his position on the Dominican intervention in June 1965, and I am sorry if I may have inadvertently done him an injustice. In my article, I merely said that Professor Plank had "neatly put in one sentence" the third and final stage in the rationalization of U.S. policy, which is more or less what he says he tried to do. Readers of his *Foreign Affairs* article of October 1965, who had not read or did not remember his previous article in the *New York Times Magazine* might have found themselves hard put to determine how he stood on the Dominican intervention. The subject of his article was, after all, "The Caribbean: Intervention, When and How." The sentence before the one I quoted reads: "Of the Dominican Republic little need be said here, for its plight has been comprehensively described by many commentators." And, indeed, he said little—too little, I thought. It may be true that the "plight" of the Dominican Republic had been comprehensively described when he wrote, but is it true that in an article specifically devoted to intervention in the Caribbean, little more needed to be said about the plight of U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic? In any event, it is good to know that my disagreement is with the administration, not with Professor Plank.

As my article in *The New Leader* of January 31, 1966 showed, I am less sanguine about the recent manifestations of U.S. policy than Dr. Rufo López-Fresquet, the former Cuban Treasury Minister, seems to be. I hope, however, that he proves to be right.

I am, of course, deeply grateful to Senator Eugene McCarthy, Senator Ernest Gruening, Arnold Beichman, former President José Figueres of Costa Rica, and Irving Howe for their kind words. I am especially moved by the second paragraph in Sr. Figueres's letter.

[Correspondence on Mr. Draper's article will be concluded in our June issue.]

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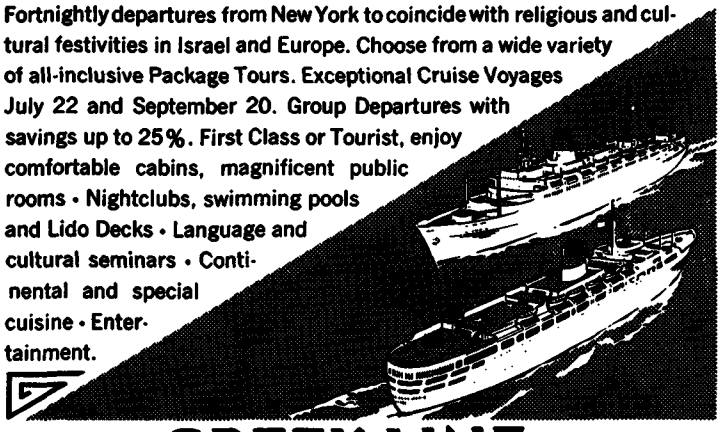

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Urban Renewal: 2 Views

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward C. Banfield's review of Charles Abrams's *The City Is the Frontier* [March] is less a review than a statement of his own opposition to urban renewal and, for that matter, to government programs of any kind. Abrams's study of the good and bad aspects of renewal is therefore a "two-nosed" approach to Banfield, who deliberately ignores Abrams's final assessment of the program, e.g., that the vices in the renewal program exist largely because "the measure is actually a half measure. What the program needs is amplification, not abolition, a complementary housing program to make it workable, and an enlargement of its basic concept to do what its name implies."

Mr. Banfield has his own pet views. "It [the government] would see to it that income is distributed justly and that racial prejudice does not impair the work of the housing market and then it would

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let the private market do the rest." It is all very simple, for government, in his estimation, "has made good matters bad and bad matters worse with almost everything that it has done in the city." In short, do nothing for the city and everything will come out fine. Banfield doesn't say how he would have income distributed equally, nor how he would end racial prejudice. Presumably, if the federal government does nothing, slums will disappear and everyone will have better housing. Adam Smith at least thought it was the government's function to go into those public operations that were unprofitable to the entrepreneur. But Banfield doesn't even go that far.

It might occur to Banfield that what he sees as a "*two-nosed* approach" he is seeing through a jaundiced eye [which] even causes him to misrepresent some of the facts which Abrams cites. He disputes Abrams's statement that the cities' springs of revenue are drying up, by countering that city revenues have doubled between 1952-1962—a complete *non sequitur*, since the more cities tax, the more their revenues dry up. That cities have ample revenues must be news to Mayor Lindsay as well as to every other large city desperately trying to find new revenues to pay for its growing social commitments.

Banfield also says Abrams is wrong about lack of adequate parks in cities. Abrams, incidentally, emphasized the lack of parks in the central areas where the population is heaviest. But even on Banfield's assumption, the fact is that average park area is significantly below the basic standard of 10 acres per 1,000 persons recommended by the National Recreation Association. Los Angeles, for example, has only two acres of park per 1,000 persons. A good part of the park area added to cities has been in the sparsely settled sections, where land was still available, and not in the central areas.

Banfield takes issue with Abrams's statement that immigration was virtually halted in the 20's, when the Negro made his move to the cities, and cites gross figures to prove it. The fact is that while the excess of admissions over departures between 1921 and 1930 was more than 3,187,000, there were more than 238,000 immigrant departures in excess of admissions between 1931 and 1935. Between 1936 and 1940, there was an excess of admissions of only 144,546. In short, when competition from abroad was halted, the Negro, as Abrams says, was able to move in to take the menial jobs that were formerly taken by foreign immigrants.

In short, Banfield's piece is a view, not a review, and if COMMENTARY's aim is to spur controversy, it may serve its purpose; but I would have thought that the Goldwater philosophy had been laid to rest by Banfield's "wise and virtuous public" at the 1964 election.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN
School of Architecture
Columbia University
New York City

MR. BANFIELD writes:

Mr. Goodman takes me for some kind of an ideologue (the *wrong* kind, obviously) and goes on from there without bothering to look at what I said. I did *not* say: a) that the government should equalize incomes; b) that it could end racial prejudice; c) that it should do nothing; or d) that everything would come out fine if it did nothing. What I said was that by bringing about a just income distribution and by preventing racial prejudice from impairing the work of the housing market, government could do more to improve the housing situation than could be achieved by any amount of urban renewal.

Surely Mr. Goodman knows that there are many ways by which government could redistribute income. The "negative income tax" is one which has been proposed by economists at both ends of the political spectrum. As to what government can do to prevent discrimination in the housing market, Mr. Goodman should inquire of Mr. Abrams, the first—and I believe highly successful—administrator of New York State's anti-discrimination law.

City revenues doubled between 1952 and 1962. Mr. Goodman takes this as evidence that they are "drying up." Apparently he imagines tax revenues as an amount forever fixed, like oil reserves, and he therefore supposes that the faster they are used, the sooner they will be used up. I think of them

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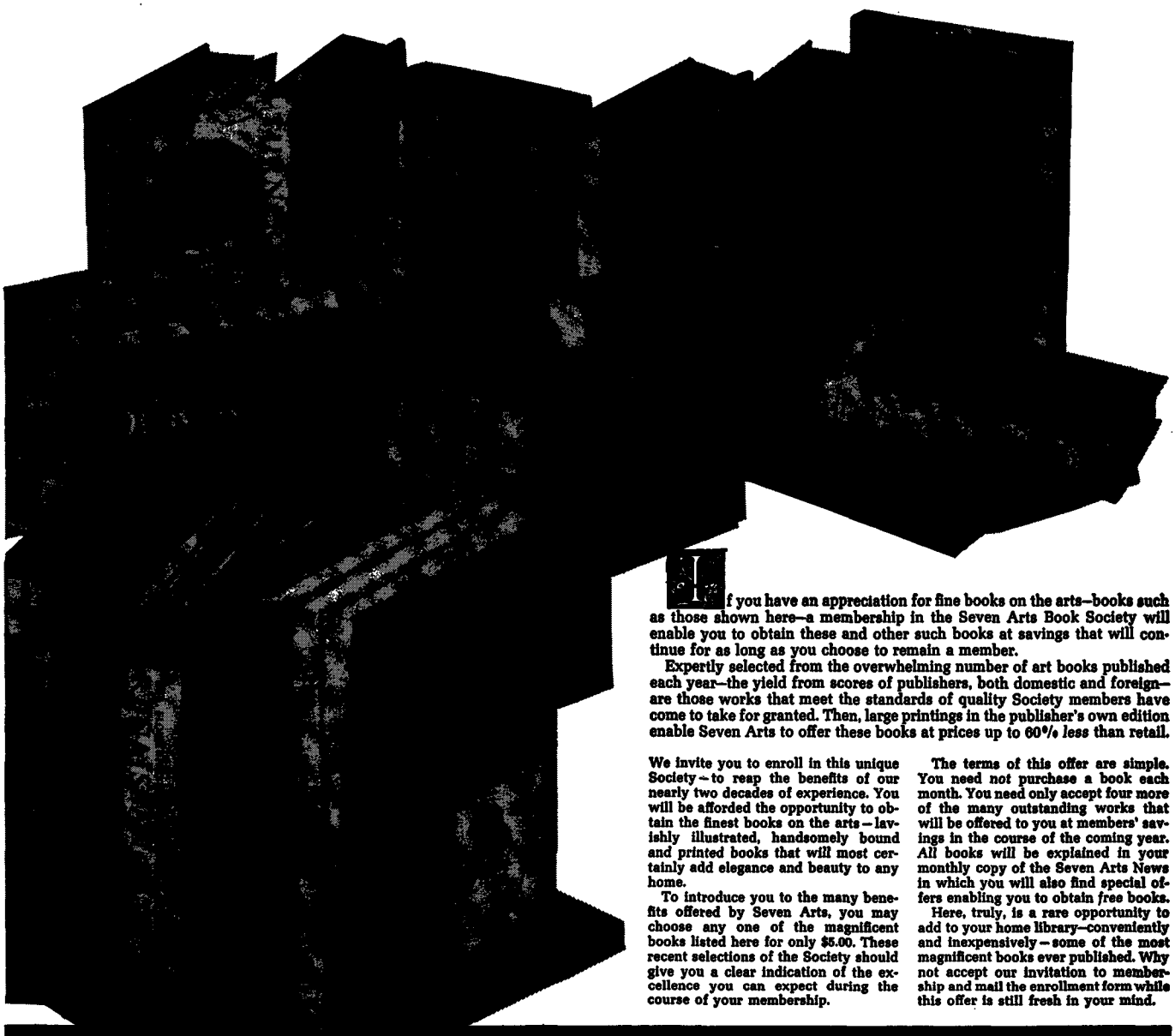

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*David Daiches, COMMENTARY, September 1965

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as that part of national income to which the public lays claim, and as I believe that national income will continue to rise I do not see why tax revenues should not continue to rise also. To be sure, there will always be a certain amount of political fuss about who is to pay the taxes. Taxpayers howl as loud as they can for the same reason that little boys in the woodshed howl as loud as *they* can. Mr. Goodman shouldn't take those howls from the woodshed so seriously: they are meant to deceive him; the city taxpayer can be whacked a good deal harder if need be.

I can't possibly be "wrong about adequate parks." I merely pointed out that park land has been increasing faster than Mr. Abrams thinks. I don't pretend to know whether the present acreage is adequate or not. That it is less than the National Recreation Association would like it to be is a fact I do not find disturbing; perhaps the Association has what Mr. Goodman calls "pet views" about parks.

As to immigration, I merely corrected Mr. Abrams's statement that it virtually halted in the 20's. That many former immigrants left the country at the beginning of the Depression is beside the point. . . .

If the reference to the "Goldwater philosophy" is intended to suggest that I am a Goldwaterite, Mr. Goodman should apologize for conduct unbecoming a writer in these pages. He has no grounds whatever for coupling my name with Goldwater's. Arguing against compulsory mis-housing is no more evidence of the "Goldwater philosophy" than arguing against compulsory miseducation.

Finally, I should like to point out to Mr. Goodman that when someone expresses views with which he disagrees, the reason for the disagreement is not necessarily to be found in that particular individual's being unduly under the influence of Adam Smith, Barry Goldwater, *et al.* It may simply be that the individual in question has thought about the matter more clearly than he has. I believe that to be the case in the present instance.

Kashruth & Reform

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The Central Conference of American Rabbis (C.C.A.R.) was not, as John J. Appel says, an organization of conservative Reform rabbis set up by Isaac Meyer Wise's "critics" in some sort of opposition to Wise ["The *Trefa* Banquet," February]. It was set up in 1889 by Wise himself, and by about thirty other Reform rabbis, most of whom were Wise's former students, still somewhat under his influence. He had repeatedly endeavored to set up just such an organization in previous years . . . but had been frustrated by the hatreds that Reform rabbis bore for each other in those days. . . . The college's graduates, former students of Wise, were easily persuaded to set up the C.C.A.R., and other Reform rabbis soon joined. . . . Naturally, Wise made himself the head of the C.C.A.R. and remained so until the day of his death. . . .

Among Mr. Appel's other doubtful statements is his conclusion that Wise "probably" did not know what was on the menu. Wise's own word on this point is of little value because he was not a very truthful man. He was, indeed, as the author says, a good politician and organizer and precisely for that reason he would have been very sure to inquire about the menu. Apart from that, his position in Cincinnati Reform was so dominant that he would have been automatically consulted about the *kashruth* of the food to be served at such an important gathering as the Highland House Affair.

MR. Appel says further that Wise "has hitherto been considered as a *moderate* reformer" (Mr. Appel's italics). By whom? Wise's own followers at Cincinnati naturally express this view, but, as far as I am aware, no impartial scholar uninfluenced by Wise's vagaries has ever done so. Nor is this surprising. After all, the man set out consciously to lead the Jewish people down a path which obviously ended up nowhere but in Christianity—where, of course, many Reform Jews have now arrived. He devoted all his time and all his very great energy to this work, undeterred by setbacks, for a period of no less than fifty-five years.

Thirdly, Mr. Appel announces that Reform Judaism has changed, . . . mentioning that a Reform dinner which he attended was kosher . . ., but I am afraid that he has been taken in. The Reform rabbis . . . have recently taken to

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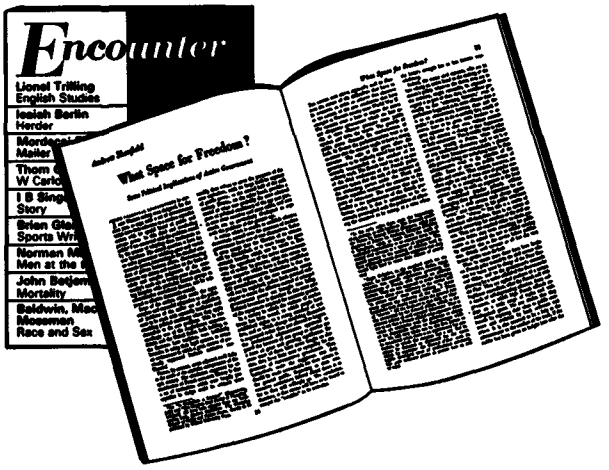

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the occasional token adoption of some superficial Jewish habits (for instance *yarmulkas* and kosher catering) when they are in the presence of other Jews . . . although at home they would not dream of observing *kashruth*. This is a tactical shift only. While it is certainly possible that the fundamental aim of Reform Judaism has also shifted, there is, as far as I know, no hard evidence that the aim is different today from what it was in the days of Wise, Lilienthal, and Einhorn. . . .

A. MARKS
Flushing, New York

MR. APPEL writes:

The role of I. M. Wise as leader of the C.C.A.R. is not the subject of my essay. Mr. Marks may be right when he sees the organization as the tool of Wise and many of its members subservient to his views. Other students of the group disagree. One well known historian described Wise's leadership to me as comparable to the position of a man who had "rebellion on his hands but put himself at the head of the rebellious troops." I am not qualified to settle this dispute. I admit that my use of "conservative Reformers" as a label for the rabbis who formed the Central Conference of American Rabbis is ambiguous because it doesn't mean today what it meant in 1889. . . .

Mr. Marks writes that Rabbi Wise would automatically have been consulted about the *kashruth* of food to be served at an important gathering of supporters of the Hebrew Union College. Of course. My article quotes from one of Wise's editorials which implies that he *was* consulted and recommended strict compliance with the dietary laws. But it is possible that after Wise was consulted, someone gave orders which resulted in the substitution of *trefa* for the kosher dishes Wise was assured had been specified. Let me confess that I was tempted to share Mr. Marks's doubts concerning Wise's candor in this affair. I searched, fruitlessly it turned out, in many newspapers and documents to prove or disprove the man's public utterances. That he kept kosher in his own home is a well-established fact. What I finally found, and published, does not, I submit, give anyone the right to assert as proven fact that Rabbi Wise lied when he denied advance knowledge of the gustatory ambush prepared by the Cincinnati hosts. If Mr. Marks feels less restraint in this matter than I did, he should at least not confuse his own deductions or surmises with what can be documented as established historical fact.

Mr. Marks reads more into my last statement, "Times do change—and so does Reform Judaism," than the context of the statement warrants. My article does not address itself to the question of whether the fundamental aims of Reform Judaism have shifted decisively since the days of Wise, Einhorn, and Lilienthal. It deals with the tactics, not the strategy, of some leaders of Reform Judaism. . . .

When I refer to Wise as a *moderate* Reformer I may be adopting the Cincinnati party line. Yet to assert, as Mr. Marks does, that Wise consciously led Jews down a path "which obviously ended up nowhere but in Christianity" is silly rhetoric and bad history. I am now studying the subject of conversion to Christianity, and find that if there's one thing the Christian missionaries were agreed upon, it was that Reform Jews made the worst prospects of all for conversion. . . . I agree with Mr. Marks—*vide* my next-to-last paragraph—that those who have dubbed Wise a moderate minimize a very strong doctrinaire streak in his philosophy. But I part company with him when he tries to turn my article into an excuse for attacking historians who describe Reform Judaism sympathetically as the dupes of "Wise's vagaries." . . .

Mr. Marks is right when he notes that 19th-century Reformers, including Wise, were frequently contemptuous of many Orthodox Jewish practices and wished to align their Judaism with the ideology and practice of liberal religion like Unitarianism or Universalist Christianity. That they took an uncompromising and extreme position against Jewish nationalism is a well-documented historical fact and undoubtedly accounts for the failure of Reform to attract the Jewish masses after 1900. Many Reform rabbis today are well aware of this and will hardly be upset by Mr. Marks's observation that the re-introduction of kosher catering and the wearing of *yarmulkas* are merely "superficial Jewish habits" having no profound religious or ethical significance.

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CONTAINING CHINA
A Round-Table Discussion

BERNARD B. FALL
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Last February, COMMENTARY *asked* BERNARD B. FALL, RICHARD N. GOODWIN, GEORGE MCGOVERN, *and* JOHN P. ROCHE *to participate in a three-hour round-table discussion centering on the question of whether the purpose of American policy in the Far East is to contain Chinese expansion or to halt the spread of Communism. The discussion, moderated by* NORMAN PODHORETZ, *editor of* COMMENTARY, *was entirely spontaneous and held before an invited audience which participated during the third hour. What follows is an edited transcript of the entire proceedings.*

BERNARD B. FALL, *a native of France, is professor of international relations at Howard University, and the author of* The Two Vietnams; *his new book,* Vietnam Witness, *will be published later this month.* RICHARD N. GOODWIN, *a former special assistant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, is currently a fellow of the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University.* GEORGE MCGOVERN *is the junior United States Senator (Dem.) from South Dakota.* JOHN P. ROCHE *is Morris Hillquit professor of history and politics at Brandeis University and a former national chairman of ADA; his books include* Quest for the Dream *and* Shadow and Substance.

Norman Podhoretz: Unfashionable as it is at this moment to have a discussion of American foreign policy that doesn't focus specifically on Vietnam,* I nevertheless think that there may be some value in trying to set the issues that concern all of us so urgently today into a somewhat broader context—the long-range conflict between the United States and China. In terms of that conflict, the war in Vietnam may perhaps be seen—and apparently is seen by the present administration—as a tactical element within an overall strategy. For despite all the official talk about preserving the freedom of South Vietnam, one gathers that what the United States actually thinks it is doing in Vietnam is containing China in Asia, much as it contained the Soviet Union in Europe from 1947 on.

The best brief statement I myself have seen of this particular interpretation of American policy was made by Adlai Stevenson shortly before he died, in reply to a group of writers who had appealed to him to resign his post at the UN in protest against U.S. policy in Vietnam. Here is what Stevenson said:

> I would like to send you my reasons for believing that whatever criticisms may be made over the detail and emphasis of our foreign policy, its purpose and direction are sound . . . . The period from 1947 to 1962 was largely occupied in fixing the postwar line with the Soviet Union. It is not a very satisfactory one, since it divides Germany and Berlin, but the Russians respect it in Europe. So do we . . . .
>
> We have no such line with the Chinese. Since they are in an earlier, more radical stage in their revolution, it may be more difficult to establish one. Should we try? And is the line we stand on halfway across Vietnam a reasonable line? Should we hold it? . . .
>
> The line inherited by the Democratic administration is the 17th Parallel. History does not always give us the most convenient choice . . . . Since this is the line, should we hold it? The answer depends on the assumptions made about Chinese power. In the past, some Chinese dynasties have been aggressive, claiming sovereignty over wide areas of Asia, including all of Southeast Asia and even some of India. So far the new Communist "dynasty" has been very aggressive. Tibet was swallowed, India attacked, the Malays had to fight twelve years to resist a "national liberation" they could receive from the British by a more peaceful route. Today, the apparatus of infiltration and aggression is already at work in North Thailand. Chinese maps show . . . the furthest limits of the old empire marked as Chinese. I do not think the idea of Chinese expansionism is so fanciful that the effort to check it is irrational.
>
> And if one argues that it should not be checked, then I believe you set us off on the old, old route whereby expansive powers push at more and more doors, believing they will open until, at the ultimate door, resistance is unavoidable, and major war breaks out . . . . My hope in Vietnam is that relatively small-scale resistance now may establish the fact that changes in Asia are not to be precipitated by outside force. This was the point of the Korean War. This is the point of the conflict in Vietnam. I believe Asia will be more stable if the outcome is the same in both—a negotiated line and a negotiated peace. . . .

*This discussion took place on February 14, before the China hearings opened up the question of American policy toward China for the first time in many years.—ED.

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Now interestingly enough, George Kennan, who, of course, was the architect of our containment policy in Europe, recently said in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam—Senator Fulbright's "teach-in," as James Reston called it—that the same measures which worked in Europe could not, for a variety of reasons, work in Asia. Nevertheless, it does seem clear that President Johnson and his advisers do believe that, with certain modifications, China *can* be contained by a combination of military, political, and economic force. Vietnam, according to this reasoning, is Greece in 1947. It is also, one gathers from some of Secretary Rusk's pronouncements, Czechoslovakia in 1938. Thus, as Stevenson suggested, American policy toward the Communist world in the postwar period can be regarded as perfectly consistent—not only in itself, but in its continuous and unwavering determination not to repeat any of the mistakes of the 1930's which presumably led to World War II.

Now I would like to propose, if only for the sake of argument, that we agree here as to the *ambitions* of China in Asia, and that we further agree as to the fact that, for the time being at least, it is mainly American power that stands in the way of these ambitions. Once we have agreed on those two propositions, we can move on to the really difficult questions which have to be examined. First of all, *should* the United States be trying to contain China at all? Or, to put the same question in another way: is China really a threat to the United States? And if so, in what sense?

Secondly, *can* China be contained in Asia as the Soviet Union was contained in Europe?

Thirdly, even assuming that China both can and should be contained, does containment require absolute American opposition to a Communist regime in Vietnam, or Laos, or Thailand? Would such regimes necessarily pose a threat to the United States? In what sense would they constitute a threat to American national interests?

During the Dulles era, the rhetoric of American foreign policy was militantly, even religiously, anti-Communist. The assumption was that there existed an international Communist conspiracy directed from a single center, and dedicated to the overthrow of the West by any and all means. Since 1960—and largely, I suppose, in response to the fragmentation of the Communist world, the Sino-Soviet dispute, the growth of "polycentrism"—the rhetoric has changed. Communism is no longer spoken of in official circles, and certainly not in public pronouncements, as an absolute evil, or as a temporary aberration which is destined to fall of its own internal contradictions. That kind of inverse bolshevism is gone. But the irony is that our actions nowadays seem at odds with the assumptions behind the new, rather more sophisticated, rhetoric, and far more in tune with the assumptions behind the Dulles rhetoric than the actions of the Eisenhower administration itself were. And this, I think, is perhaps the major source of the general confusion over the issues we are going to try to throw some light on in this discussion.

Mr. Goodwin, as a former adviser to both Presidents Johnson and Kennedy, you are probably in the best position of anyone here to tell us whether the Stevenson statement I just read actually represents the thinking of our government.

Richard Goodwin: I don't believe that the United States government has a clear China policy. Over the next years, though, I think you will see one emerge. It is true, after all, that policies like the containment of Russia, or relations with China, emerge out of conflict and experience; they are not imposed on a situation in advance. China, although an immediate enemy in Korea, has not up until this moment been, or been felt to be, a physical threat—which is perhaps why a clear policy toward China has not yet evolved. But then we had no consistent policy toward the Soviet Union either until the late 40's, when, out of our experience in Greece and Turkey and other countries, we became clearer about what we felt were Soviet intentions.

I think it is important for us to try to get at the ultimate and very rarely answered questions of foreign policy, such as why we want to help the underdeveloped world, or why we want to contain the Soviet Union. These questions are rarely answered, and for a good reason, which is that they involve enormously difficult and chancy predictions about history—predictions that depend upon a whole series of assumptions and judgments which, like judgments about literature, are highly fallible. Any good foreign policy, therefore, has at least to observe two cautions. First, at every step you have to leave as many options open as possible and decide as little as possible; because you may be wrong, you have to leave yourself with opportunities to change your mind, to make different decisions in the future. Secondly, since almost all important policy judgments are speculations, you must avoid risking too much on the conviction that you are right. At the same time, while trying to do all this, you cannot allow yourself to be paralyzed in action; you still have to meet specific situations and circumstances.

Observing those cautions, let me take a quick look at the ultimate question of whether we want to contain China at all. What difference does it make to us if China takes Southeast Asia, and the rest of Asia for that matter? Why should we care if China takes Manchuria and Burma? Or, in the most extreme case, would it be in our interest to act if Chinese armies marched into India, and the Indian government asked us for help? Should we respond, or should we let China have India?

These are not easy questions to answer—although what our actual response would be is

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very clear: we would, of course, respond immediately and fight China in India. But whether or not we *should*, it seems to me, is a more difficult problem. What would the harm be to the United States if all or most of Asia fell to China?

Well, there is first of all the simple proposition that we don't want to allow people to be conquered by other people when ours is the only power that can prevent it. This is a motive with an idealistic basis, but it can't be overlooked as part of the answer. Secondly, a Chinese conquest of Asia would enormously strengthen elements hostile to the United States—I avoid the word "Communism"—in other parts of the world, and weaken our position in Latin America, Africa, and everywhere else, just as Soviet successes operated to weaken our position throughout the world for a period of time. It would put enormous pressure on the Soviet Union itself to move or else completely lose control of the Communist world. Therefore the likelihood is that were China to be left unchecked, we would be faced with a militant Soviet Union (unless the militancy were directed toward China, which is unlikely). Moreover, it would immeasurably strengthen a country which is already a nuclear power, and which within half a decade, or a little more, will also have intercontinental missiles and all the other paraphernalia of destruction, aimed at us, the declared enemy.

Perhaps most important, the impact on American society itself of such an enormous gain to a hostile power would be immeasurable. If the fall of China to Communism contributed to McCarthyism, or Soviet gains to the militarization of the United States, a victory of this scale by a hostile nation like China would, I think, seriously erode the civil liberties and non-military traditions of this country to an extent that we have never experienced before in our history. As a nation, we would be put very much on the defensive, and the result would be an undermining of the principles of our own society.

Those considerations are what lead me to think that it is essential, not to contain the Chinese—because to contain them means to stop them right where they are, and there are places, such as the Russian border, where we don't care about stopping them, and there are places, such as Tibet, where we don't have enough interest to try to stop them—but to keep China from absorbing all of Asia. The basic question for American foreign policy, then, is not whether, but how and under what circumstances.

Podhoretz: Senator McGovern, does it seem to you that we have a vital interest to defend in Asia?

George McGovern: I think our greatest interest in Asia is in the prevention of a war with China. I would view a military conflict between the United States and mainland China as the worst possible catastrophe that could develop in the rest of this century, and in my opinion the prevention of that war ought to be the number one task of American statesmanship for as long as we can look down the road.

I think it's desirable to prevent Chinese military power from expanding across the face of Asia, but I don't regard that as the principal challenge China presents to the world today. There may be a stage as we move along when China will, in fact, become militarily engaged with our principal allies in the Far East, but I don't see that as an immediate probability. The greatest danger that it will happen, in my view, comes from the policy we are presently following in Southeast Asia and in other parts of Asia—that policy being one, first of all, which attempts to isolate China diplomatically from contact either with ourselves or with other great powers. We have used all the influence we could muster since 1949 to cut off diplomatic contact between China and the western world and the other countries of Asia. I personally think that has been a dangerous and ill-advised course for us to follow.

I have no idea whether or not at this point the government of China would permit us to install an ambassador and an embassy on their soil, but I can't think of any place in the world where we so desperately need a competent ambassador backed up by a good staff, as we do in China. One of the great problems about our relationship with China, and about discussions of this kind, is that we begin from ignorance. If we can imagine where we would be today with reference to the Soviet Union if we had had no diplomatic contact with that nation for the past twenty years—no conferences at the United Nations or in other assemblies where we had an opportunity to hear the Soviet point of view firsthand—we get some idea of the problems that we are up against when we try to carry on an informed discussion about China, and what her probable course of action will be.

I think, too, that it is not in our interest to try to boycott China economically. However belligerent, maddening, and—as some people would say—hysterical the Chinese leadership may be, I don't believe we contribute to a more moderate course of action on their part by trying to isolate them economically. For example, our policy of doing what we can to prevent normal commercial intercourse between the Japanese and the Chinese makes no sense at all. Japan is in a position to carry on an active trade with the Chinese, and to offer some degree of economic assistance that would be beneficial to both countries, and my impression is that there is a mounting tide of resentment within Japan itself over the fact that our policy has been lined up against that kind of development. The more diplomatic and economic contact there is between China and the

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outside world, the more likely it is that China will move in a less belligerent course.

In my opinion, we have no interest in Asia that demands our adoption of a unilateral containment policy. If we accept the argument that China needs to be contained, we should also accept the corollary argument that this should not and cannot be done unilaterally. We have no responsibility, we have no mandate, to take charge of Asia for the years ahead. What we do have is an obligation to work with other countries to preserve the peace. Certainly, with reference to China, that includes the close cooperation of other major Asian powers—Japan, India, Pakistan, and the other principal countries there, who presumably know at least as much about China and how to handle her as we do.

I think the course that we are now following is one that is calculated to aggravate all the worst features of the Chinese government and Chinese society. In addition, I fully agree with George Kennan, Senator Frank Church, and others who have said that trying to set up military strongmen on the borders of China is bound to increase Chinese pressure on those areas rather than to decrease it.

I would hope, then, that if we decide a policy of containment is in our interest, that it will be a broadly-based policy which does not rely excessively on military power, which does not rely on the creation of puppet regimes along the border, but which seeks to encourage strong and independent states wherever possible in Asia and elsewhere in the world. I would also hope that, insofar as possible, our efforts will be directed through the international community rather than unilaterally.

Podhoretz: Mr. Roche, Senator McGovern seems to believe that our present policies in Asia are not calculated to avoid a major war with China. Others have put the case even more strongly, saying that we are on a collision course with China, that war is almost inevitable. Do you agree?

John Roche: Let me try to get at the question under three headings. First of all, what are we dealing with? Second, has our policy toward the Red Chinese been sound in the past? And third, what options do we have?

On the first point, it seems to me that we are dealing with a red-hot, simplistic ideology composed in equal parts of traditional Chinese imperialism and messianic Communism. We are faced, also, by the largest underdeveloped nation in the world, which may have an *absolute* net decline in standard of living: that is, it may be—the statistics are very hard to get—that every year that goes by, the standard of living in China in terms of population declines. But whether or not that is the case, it is surely true in the relative sense: there is a greater and greater gap between China and the more advanced industrial societies—the Soviet Union, the United States, and so on. And we are faced, finally, by what amounts to a ferocious theological brawl—unlike anything that has been seen since the Reformation—between the Stalinist Soviet Union and the Trotskyists in China.

The Soviets, who are good Stalinists despite the fact that they are vilifying Stalin, are today in a profoundly isolationist phase, and have, in effect, imposed socialism in one country on the Chinese. The Chinese, standing on the principle of permanent revolution or, in Trotsky's phrase, combined development, expected the Russians to provide the technological base for the Chinese primitive accumulation of capital. That is, they expected the Russians to give them the means to jump from the pre-capitalist to the socialist phase of historical development. In short, the Chinese demanded socialism on the cuff from the Russians, and the Russians, who were doubtless appalled by the fantastic burden involved in this (which could, of course, destroy the internal priorities of consumer goods and the rising expectations of affluence within Soviet society), told the Chinese that they would have to earn their own way to socialism. As best as we can discover, the Russians have, in fact, given more economic aid to East Germany than they have to China.

The Chinese today, it seems to me, are desperate, and they are old (the average age of the Chinese Communist Plenum is around 66). They are old men, they are the men who came up inside. Now a great many suggestions about dealing with China are based on the assumption that these people can be bribed. I don't think that they are bribable. I think that they are driving ideologues who are not going to call off their offensive against American imperialism in return for, say, an annual subsidy of wheat or industrial goods from the United States. If Secretary McNamara had made the statement that war is a testing-ground for character, we would all be leaping up and down and shrieking, and yet this is precisely what Marshall Lin said in his statement several months ago. We are dealing here, in other words, with men who are ideologues and who are not subject to simple, old-fashioned capitalist bribery. In fact, I think they are the Anabaptists of the Communist "Reformation"; they are striking out wildly at all those who will not accept their own particular chiliastic vision.

On the practical level, the reason I don't panic much about the problem of China is that they seem to be almost utterly incompetent to deal with reality—which, of course, is a common characteristic among Anabaptists. One might indeed suggest that Mao and his followers be brought before the Committee on Un-Marxist Activity. If Mao were President of the United States, he would have been impeached six months ago for having been responsible, internally and externally, for one disaster after another, with Indo-

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nesia as the culmination. I think what has happened in Indonesia is probably the most important development in Asia since the fall of mainland China to Communism—and the turn of events in Indonesia was a matter of sheer bungling by the Communists. Mao, then, is no Lenin or Trotsky. Indeed, he sounds like a caricature of the Marxist tradition, a kind of Red Goldwater with a little bit of Billy Graham thrown in. I do not find the philosophical specific gravity of Chinese Communism any great threat to the West nor, for that matter (speaking strictly as a clinician), to the Soviets.

To COME now to my second heading: Has our policy been sound? Before we can answer that, we have to ask what our policy has been. Since 1950, we have had about four competing China policies within the American government. There has been this phony issue of recognition, for example. If you look at the world as I do, you say that recognition does not mean recognition of the legitimacy of a government, it simply means recognition of its existence. I recognize the existence of the Red Chinese, and I think the American government's policy on this has been silly. But would any alternative policy that anyone could have devised have made much difference, given the driving, messianic quality of the Chinese? This seems to me the crucial problem. The same reasoning applies to the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. In 1954, at the Geneva Conference, when the time came to find someone to initial the Accords for the Pathet Lao and the Khmer Resistance Forces, the Hanoi man, Ta-Quong Buu simply said, "I'll sign for them," and he did. The moral of the story, of course, is that legalistic approaches to the problem of the recognition of Red China, or the recognition of the National Liberation Front, are essentially diversionary. Whether we could have devised an alternative policy toward China, one with a strategic design, I don't know. It is clear that the policy, or several policies, we did design had no particular set of priorities (which, in a sense, undermines the notion that there is a great capitalist conspiracy at work).

Finally, what are our options? It seems to me that we have three options. They are the familiar ones: unilateral disengagement; escalation to the point of bombing China; a holding of the line. I want to make it clear that I am neither a hawk nor a dove; I am a slightly frightened robin who wants to avoid a war with Red China, as any sane man does. My basic position is that we have to play for time; that we cannot plot some grand plan for dealing with Red China, because we don't know the variables; that we should not attempt any great rollback of Red Chinese power, but on the other hand, that we should attempt to the best of our ability to maintain the frontiers essentially as they are today in Asia.

Podhoretz: Mr. Fall, do you agree that American policy ought to be dedicated to holding the frontiers of Asia constant?

Bernard Fall: The real question is whether Washington agrees. As we look at statements made by the administration over the last four or five months, there seems to be a new thread running through all of them. It started perhaps with the speech by Secretary McNamara before the NATO Council of Foreign Ministers a few months ago, when those good Europeans were treated to a rather surprising lesson in geopolitics which went back to Hearst's "Yellow Peril"—Europe is about to be overrun by hordes of Chinese, and it is therefore about time the Europeans woke up to their obligations in Southeast Asia. The same theme was sounded in a speech by Under Secretary George Ball a few weeks later, and then again in California by Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy: the Chinese are the real danger and it is they who have to be stopped. I am reminded by this of the manufacturer who was losing five dollars on every dress, but expected to make his profit on volume. We have a policy that doesn't work too well in Vietnam, but if we apply it to China and all of Asia, it might come out all right.

The results, of course, are rather curious, because you also find in every one of those speeches some repetition of the well-known fact that the North Vietnamese hate the Chinese, and that only in the very worst of circumstances—circumstances, as I myself would say, that can only be created by our military pressure on North Vietnam—will the Chinese come in; and if they ever should come in, the North Vietnamese will receive them with the greatest of misgivings.

So you have here an inherent contradiction in the whole official American approach to China, which in large part is a consequence of the "capture" of Washington by Red Chinese propaganda. If there is anyone in the whole world who actually believes that the Chinese are likely to overrun Asia militarily, it's Washington; at the same time, Washington believes that China is hated by all its neighbors. But if the Chinese are so aggressive—they certainly *say* aggressive things—why do they allow most of their aggressive schemes in Asia to fall apart without even the slightest reaction?

Obviously, for example, the Chinese have not done very much to help the Pathet Lao. American aircraft operate quite openly all over Laos, and there has been very little evidence of Chinese retaliation on the ground—say in the form of shipments of effective anti-aircraft artillery to the Pathet Lao. Nor have the Chinese tried to pick a fight with the United States over Quemoy. If the Chinese want to win a cheap victory over the United States, all they have to do is to try to occupy Quemoy, which they can do any day of the

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week. Nor have they intervened against American aircraft carriers in the Tonkin Gulf, which operate in an extremely narrow sea area, about ten or fifteen minutes by jet from Hainan.

Then came the great disaster in Indonesia. Indonesia, after all, has—or had—the largest Communist party outside the Sino-Soviet bloc. The Chinese have stood by in stony silence while upward of 100,000 Indonesian Communists were being slaughtered. To abandon a major Communist party in that way obviously bespeaks either self-control or fear—fear of American retaliation.

I do not doubt for an instant that the Chinese have ambitions in Southeast Asia. So do the French have ambitions in Latin America, which only indicates that the word "ambition" by itself doesn't mean very much. Some ambitions may be welcome. For example, if the Chinese would like to run a few rice-growing programs in some of those countries or would like to build railroads, as they are doing in North Vietnam, that would be unobjectionable. But what about the kind of ambitions that are going to hurt us—the West—in Southeast Asia?

Well, take the case of Burma. Burma is a small country, about 23-24 million people, directly abutting on China. Now the Burmese and Chinese had some border problems, and about five years ago they sat down and literally traded off border areas, and we haven't heard of these problems since. The Burmese government, moreover, proceeded to eliminate its Communists by the normal methods of fire and sword, but there is no evidence that the Chinese sent major forces into Burma to liberate their oppressed fellow party members.

Then there is the case of India. Here again the record will show that the Chinese attacked in India only after a long, embroiled border dispute about which any fair-minded person must agree that they are right. The MacMahon Line was a British-imposed boundary which no Chinese government ever ratified. The Chinese could have taken an additional piece of territory which was abandoned in panic by the Indians, but after moving in, the Chinese moved right back to their proper boundary; they didn't even hold the advance tracts which they could have held, let's say, for negotiating purposes.

This leaves, of course, the Korean War, where there certainly was Communist aggression. Of course, Chinese propaganda will tell you very loudly that the Russians put them up to it. The Chinese didn't lose 900,000 casualties in Korea lightly, just one year after winning their own war on the mainland: they fought the war with Russian equipment and Russian instructors and Russian training. So even in Korea, you have a slightly ambiguous situation if you are talking about *Chinese* adventurism.

All we can say when we look at the record, in other words, is that the Chinese undoubtedly have ambitions in Southeast Asia, and that they may, beyond a certain point, intervene in Vietnam—there is no question in my mind about this—but I don't think they are quite ready to do so. Interestingly enough, General Maxwell Taylor, who is not exactly uninvolved in the area, recently said just that: he didn't believe the Chinese were going to intervene in Southeast Asia for very good military reasons.

I have flown over the area often enough: it looks like the Creation-plus-seven-days—wild, impassable, no roads, no anything. How can you bring in and feed 500,000 troops under American aerial interdiction?

LET ME, then, come back to the basic point. Speaking in *Realpolitik* terms, I think the United States can very well interdict Chinese penetration or Chinese influence or Chinese ambitions on the island parts of Asia and on India. But to pretend, as Under Secretary Ball has done, that the Chinese have no historical claims in Southeast Asia, is to fly in the face of history. Even the French at the height of colonialism recognized that the Chinese did have historical claims in the area—the French in 1885 fought a war with China merely to get China's signature on the annexation treaties with Vietnam. If what we want is not only to keep the Chinese back from their "outside" ambitions, but to push them back beyond their own "legitimate" claim line, then, of course, we are preparing ourselves for the kind of imperial wars that the French and the British fought for a hundred years, successfully at certain times, less successfully at others. If the decision is that the Chinese must be contained on the Southeast-Asian equivalent of the Polish-Russian border, that, of course, is a policy—I don't say it is the best, but it is a defined policy. But the policy of containing the Chinese deeper in Southeast Asia would, in my opinion, have a better chance. Suppose, for example, that the Kennan containment policy of 1947 had meant pushing Russians back to the Soviet boundary, with American troops being stationed in Warsaw. I am sure this kind of containment wouldn't have worked as well as the policy of stopping them at the border of their "natural zone of influence."

Just a last anecdote. When I was in North Vietnam in 1962—that is one of the residual privileges you have as a Frenchman here and there—the North Vietnamese very proudly showed me their national museum, which contained a room with a permanent exhibit on the theme of the heroic historical struggle of the Vietnamese people against the Chinese invaders. As I went through it, I saw a whole class of first- or second-graders with little red scarves, being marched through and shown how their country had for two thousand years held off the Chinese. The sight of these children reassured me considerably as to the future fate of Southeast Asia.

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Goodwin: I don't think it's true that the United States has been obsessed with preventing the Chinese from moving, or with the Chinese threat. The United States has, in fact, been much more obsessed with the Russian threat, and even with the Cuban threat, than with China throughout most of the postwar period, and even today. Interestingly enough, for example, most people in the American government once accepted the fact that Indonesia would soon fall under the domination of a Communist party closely allied with, or sympathetic to, Peking, and yet there was, as far as I am aware, no intention of stopping that internal movement because we knew of no way to stop it short of invading Indonesia. And no one contemplated doing that.

It may be a legitimate position, logically, to say that it is perfectly all right for Russia to dominate Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and East Germany, because of some abstract conception that we call a sphere of influence, and that by the same token it is legitimate for the Chinese to dominate Thailand, Malaysia, Laos, Vietnam, etc. I don't see that myself, and I don't think that the people of those countries, or the governments of those countries, would agree that they were naturally within the Chinese sphere of domination; nor, for that matter, do the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc. feel that they naturally belong to the Russians. So far as Chinese ambitions are concerned, we know what they say, we know what other nations which have been aggressive have said. We don't know whether they mean it, we don't know whether they will do what they say, but I think that at least we ought to take them seriously.

I don't think the word containment is accurate in describing our policy. Resistance to Chinese expansion would be a better description. And that policy simply says that we will oppose the Chinese if they move under certain conditions. Clearly, an invasion of India would be opposed by the United States; or if the Chinese sent an airborne division into Indonesia, I have no doubt that we would feel it necessary to act. But the resistance to Chinese expansion does not have to rest on a firm belief that they are going to overrun Asia and try to take it over. *If* they move into a given area, we have to decide whether we should respond, and in what ways.

Podhoretz: But the difficult question is that almost any insurrection anywhere is interpreted as an instance of China on the move. It seems to be assumed that the war in Vietnam is a case of Chinese expansionism; it seems to be assumed that any kind of uprising, whether clearly dominated by a local Communist party or not, is to be taken as an act of Chinese expansionism. Isn't that the problem?

Roche: I don't know any serious observer of the war in Vietnam who has argued that this is a Chinese operation. The argument is that what you are dealing with here is an indigenous, North Vietnamese Communist imperialism, which would presumably implicate the Chinese if we went North on the ground.

Podhoretz: Yes, but then the question becomes, in what sense is an indigenous North Vietnamese Communist imperialism any concern of the United States?

McGovern: I would like to comment on that. I think John Roche's interpretation of American policy is overly optimistic. I remember being disturbed a year or so ago about the confusion on this very point that exists in our government. After a flurry on the Senate floor in which a number of Senators were involved, we were invited to discuss administration policy with some high officials in the government, to give us a better understanding of the policy. In the course of that discussion, I asked one of these men—who, I can assure you, is very high in our government—if we were involved in Vietnam primarily because we wanted to stop a Communist take-over on the part of the National Liberation Front, backed by North Vietnam, or because we feared Chinese power in the background, pulling the strings on this and other "wars of national liberation" that are supposed to develop in different parts of the globe. After thinking about it for awhile, this official said that he felt our primary purpose was to stop a Communist take-over from whatever source, to preserve the possibility of freedom of choice by the people of South Vietnam against Communism, whether installed by the National Liberation Front, or Hanoi, or China.

That very night, I asked another equally high, maybe slightly higher, official in our government the same question: whether we were there to prevent an internal Communist take-over in Saigon, or whether we were concerned about Chinese military and political aggression in that area. He said: There is no question about it—if not for China, we would not be involved in Vietnam at all; we are there because if we don't hold the line against China's technique of "national liberation" in South Vietnam, we will have to face the same Chinese-inspired activity in Laos, in Thailand, Cambodia, and so on, until eventually the threat becomes so great that we are confronted with World War III.

I think, in fact, that we *have* been following the so-called domino theory in Southeast Asia, that we have seen China in the background manipulating the strings, that we have blamed them for what's taking place in South Vietnam, and that we would not be there were it not for what I regard as an exaggerated fear of Chinese danger to our interests in that part of the world. I quite agree with most of what Bernard Fall said earlier:

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we have exaggerated the extent of the Chinese threat to our interests, and we have grossly underestimated the force of nationalism in Asia.

Nationalism, in my view, is the strongest single force operating in Southeast Asia, and everywhere else in Asia as well. While we may be primarily motivated by a fear of Communism, the greatest dislike of the people of that area—their greatest fear and the thing they most want to get rid of—is outside control from whatever source. When we identify with regimes that have little national support and are opposed to revolutionary change, we do so at great peril to our own interests.

Roche: I believe the problem of Chinese power is remote at the moment; it's still ten or fifteen years away. In the meantime, all kinds of things can happen in China. A whole new generation can come along, the bureaucratic complexion of the Chinese Communist party can change—already it is apparent that there are conflicts between the army in China and the party people. They fired one Minister of Defense because he suggested that the generals knew more about fighting wars than the political commissars did, and apparently right now they have another dispute going between the Norman Vincent Peales, who are saying that people armed with sickles can fight off the imperialists, and the generals who are saying: No fellows, those guys have got real bombs.

My theory is that by and large the last twenty years have indicated that the Communists are better at making big mistakes than we are, so we should stick to making small mistakes, and let them make the big ones. That means essentially a policy of playing for time and holding on.

Podhoretz: Holding on to what?

Roche: Well, the perimeter—essentially Japan, Taiwan, India. The problem in Vietnam is confused, as Professor Fall knows far better than I do, by the fact that you have there an autonomous Communist imperialism, which is itself interested in taking over the former borders of French Indochina. Wouldn't you say that that is the objective of Hanoi?

Fall: That's right.

Roche: As a consequence, I don't think the problem of China in Vietnam is an imminent problem—unless we should invade North Vietnam, which at the moment is about as remote a contingency as I could conceive of.

Goodwin: I disagree with a little bit of what Senator McGovern said. I don't think we went into Vietnam because of China. I think we got into Vietnam almost by accident. A commitment grew because at every stage we were under the illusion that we could buy a very cheap and easy victory there. In fact, I doubt if you will find China mentioned in the statements of any American President on Vietnam until the last six or eight months. It was a forbidden word.

Fall: It certainly isn't now.

Goodwin: No, it certainly isn't now, because at the present level of commitment, China proves to be the only rational reason for our presence there at all. Whether or not it *is* a rational reason, there is no doubt that the Chinese are much more aggressive in Vietnam today than they were, the Russians are much more aggressive in Vietnam than they were, and we are much more aggressive, because the issue has begun—very unfortunately, I believe—to transcend Vietnam itself. It has become a testing-ground of American power and will in that country and that part of the world. But I don't think this was at all the initial impulse that brought us there.

Podhoretz: What I would still like to know—and maybe the question I have asked is not a question that can really be answered, especially from the vantage-point of Washington—is the exact nature of American interests in Southeast Asia.

Fall: Well, that again brings up the contradiction I was talking about earlier. The build-up in Southeast Asia—the air bases in Thailand, the so-called enclaves in Vietnam, the deployment of 200,000 and ultimately even 400,000 more troops—is obviously not intended simply to crush 200,000 guerrillas and break even with the North Vietnamese. I am very much afraid that definitely now, whatever the case was in the past, Washington does look at China as a very serious potential factor in the conflict.

Roche: In 1950, Walter Lippmann wrote: "It would be an intolerable settlement, of course, if the North Korean army conquered South Korea, but it will not be a decent settlement if at the end of the Korean fighting, the American army finds itself at the 38th Parallel, and is invested for the indefinite future with the task of defending South Korea. There is no use pretending that South Korea, as we know it, can be set up again and maintained as even a quasi-independent state. But on the other hand, there are too many other things to do in the world to wish to govern an Asiatic dependency and to tie up three or four American divisions."

Yet, fifteen or sixteen years later, we have got what is a pretty workable solution in Korea. There is, in fact, a quasi-independent, viable South Korean state which within a year or two will hopefully reach the economic take-off stage. We simply have to realize that sometimes you get

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caught in situations. I don't like the idea of fighting a war in Vietnam, or anywhere else for that matter. But the fact is that at this point, as George Kennan recently said, withdrawal would be intolerable. So the question then becomes: what are the real options? The real options are a big war, or a limited war. If we can achieve in Vietnam a solution which involves no "liberation" North, and no rollback South, I think that it would work probably about the way the Korean thing is working, and I think that is the best we can hope for in the circumstances.

McGovern: I hope we can all agree that there are some other lessons to be learned from our experience in Korea, and one of them is not to be too reckless about these so-called "limited engagements." I assume that we went into Korea sixteen years ago to reestablish the 38th Parallel. The trouble is that when we got to the 38th Parallel, we kept going.

Roche: Over my objections, among others.

McGovern: Well, I hope that that lesson hasn't been forgotten, because while it may, as John Roche has said, only be a remote possibility that we will invade North Vietnam on the ground, we are already attacking her from the air, which certainly is a form of invasion, and one that is not calculated to produce forever a limited action on the part of Hanoi. In spite of our intelligence estimates, we did involve China in the Korean conflict. It cost us many thousands of casualties, and in the end, we finished with about the same kind of settlement we could have gotten had we stopped with a limited objective at the 38th Parallel.

Podhoretz: Senator McGovern, what is your impression of sentiment in the Senate, both about the Vietnam war, and about the longer-range questions that I have been raising—that is, the question of the extent to which American interests are actually involved, and the extent to which we are either trying, as Mr. Goodwin put it, to resist Chinese expansion, or whether we are carrying on what is essentially an anti-Communist crusade?

McGovern: It is my own judgment that strong support does not exist in the Senate for the policy we are now following in Southeast Asia, if for no other reason than the fact that the repeated predictions of what was going to happen, which have come to us from top officials in the government, have been consistently wrong; and each time those predictions have proved wrong, we have simply doubled the prescription of what we were doing. Consequently, there has been a growing disenchantment in the Senate about our Vietnam policy. I would say that certainly a majority of the Senate is opposed to any further escalation of this war.

Podhoretz: An actual majority?

McGovern: Yes, an actual majority. I think that perhaps ninety out of the one hundred Senators think that we made a mistake in ever becoming involved in the first place. There are a good many Senators who will say that privately, but who will then say, "Here we are, so mistake or no mistake, we have to see it through as best we can." Certainly, some of those Senators who have been advertised in the press as great hawks are among those who think that it was a disastrous mistake for us to have ever become involved in a combat role in Vietnam. Our involvement there actually goes back to the end of World War II, almost twenty years ago, when for some reason or other, we decided to back the French in their efforts to reestablish their control in Southeast Asia. We didn't make that mistake in most parts of Asia. We recognized the force of revolution, we recognized the power of nationalism, and we identified our policy in most parts of Asia with the revolutionary currents that were moving there. We urged the British to get out of Malaya and the Dutch to get out of Indonesia, we encouraged the liquidation of the British hold on India, and we ourselves got out of the Philippines. But when it came to Vietnam, for some reason or other, we threw in with the French, in what turned out to be a losing effort. I think that we have been on a losing course there ever since.

Fall: I have done quite a lot of research into this particular question, and frankly, I still don't understand why the United States backed the French at the last moment. In 1946, the U.S. sent a rather interesting mission under Major-General Philip E. Gallagher to Ho Chi Minh, and the French got pretty well perturbed. Then, out of a clear blue sky, there was a literal disappearance for about three years of any American effort in Vietnam. Just think, however, of the fascinating "might-have-been" of an American position in Vietnam consistent with American policy in Indonesia, Malaya, and India. Ho Chi Minh would have been president of all of Vietnam since 1946. This is why the North Vietnamese feel that the Americans are actually attempting to turn back the clock of history.

I would be the last person to guarantee that Ho Chi Minh would have become a Tito under these circumstances. I have spoken to the man himself, and to all his associates. I don't know whether Ho Chi Minh would have "turned Tito," but what I do know is that he has been anti-Chinese ever since the Chinese arrested him in 1941 and kept him in the stocks for eighteen months.

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Goodwin: If I can get back for a moment to the longer-range possibility of Chinese expansion, and the possibility of resisting it, I think that one of the great lessons to be learned from the European containment is that it was not basically military; it was economic and political, through the Marshall Plan and so on. I think we have to pursue that kind of policy in Asia as well. Some time within the next five or ten years, China will be able to hold the major cities of North America hostage to nuclear power, and this is bound to increase the degree of risk they may be willing to take. To prepare for that, we need to make a massive and very large-scale effort to try to build—in India, in Pakistan, in the Philippines, in Southeast Asia—viable states which can stand on their own economically and which have some capacity to resist internal threats. We will also have to be willing to come in at least against an immediate invasion. At the same time, we have to make an effort to open up relations with China, if only to get a greater knowledge of what they might do and of their capacities, and to give them a greater knowledge of us: I think their ignorance of us is one of the great problems in their approach to the world. In addition to all this, we also have to work with the Soviet Union so that eventually we can get into the position of acting together on what is in fact a common interest—the containment of China. I don't believe that this is a possibility at the present time, but it may become one as the seriousness of the Chinese threat and the concomitant seriousness of the common interest grows. I think only if we pursue all these tracks at once—which, of course, leaves open the question of what China might actually do, but prepares us for any contingency—is there any real hope of containing China.

Roche: This brings up a very important point that is easily overlooked—namely, the extent to which the containment of China is really a Russian problem more than an American one. After all, the Chinese already have maps that show large sections of Soviet Central Asia and so on, as part of China. I think the Russians are probably going to be confronted with Chinese power on the *ground* much more realistically than we are confronted with it at this point.

I suspect, by the way, that one interesting by-product of the last year has been that the American obsession with Vietnam may have helped in our not getting mixed up in Indonesia. In other words, we were so busy worrying about Vietnam that our cloak-and-dagger men didn't get a chance to monkey around in Indonesia.

McGovern: Isn't there some clue in that? Where the Chinese have intervened in a heavy-handed way, they got a bad reaction; and where we are intervening in a heavy-handed way, things are going badly for us.

Roche: There is one difference: the Chinese can't walk on water. In other words, the geographical situation of Indonesia is such that the Chinese could not possibly come to the rescue of the PKI there, whereas in Southeast Asia, on the mainland, they are in a position to intervene.

But I would like to make a point on this business of creating Titos. In 1947—the time, as we now know, when the Yugoslavs and Russians were engaged in really rough inside fighting, which led eventually to the split—the United States was practically at war with Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs had shot down our airplanes, and we were issuing ferocious pronunciamentos. But as far as anybody can discover, the fact that we put the arm on Yugoslavia in 1947-48 did not have the slightest impact on the internal dynamics of what was, in fact, a theological dispute; our behavior had no influence one way or the other on the split. If you want to play these games, you can argue, then, that the best way to turn Ho Chi Minh into a Tito would be to put more and more weight on North Vietnam. North Vietnam would then turn to China and ask for help. The Chinese would say, "We're sorry, we can't help you because the Americans will bomb us." The North Vietnamese would then ask the Russians for help, and the Russians would say, "We're very sorry, we're too busy putting a basketball team in space." At that point, the leaders of Hanoi would decide that since they couldn't get any help from their loyal allies, they might as well make a deal.

Now I am not favoring this scenario nor suggesting it: I am simply saying that in terms of the logic which is going around these days on the care and nurturing of Titos, this is a perfectly valid position.

Podhoretz: Mr. Roche, you've been talking a good deal about theology as though there were only one set of theologians in this whole picture. But isn't there a good deal of theologizing going on in the United States in relation to the Communist world? What I mean is this: so long as it was possible to believe—and so long as this belief more or less corresponded to reality—that there was a monolithic international Communist conspiracy which operated in various ways and through various subterfuges which were not always easy to identify as aggression (internal subversion and the like), an anti-Communist foreign policy obviously made some sense. Under those circumstances, stopping the spread of Communism could be taken as within the American national interest. But just at the point where it is no longer possible to speak of a monolithic international Communist movement, we do seem to be pursuing an anti-Communist foreign policy, not because the advance of Communism—which today really means Communisms, in the plural—is demonstrably against the *concrete* interests of the United States, but almost as though we were

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fighting a religious war in which the goal is to prevent the opposing religion from spreading to any other country. Nobody in the government talks in these terms any longer, but this is how they seem to be acting.

Roche: Of course there is a good deal of chiliastic rhetoric on the anti-Communist side. But don't identify anyone who takes a hard liberal anti-Communist line with Senator Goldwater or with people who say that we are fighting a holy crusade. I myself, for example, was among those who argued against the concept of a monolithic Sino-Soviet bloc as early as 1954.

Nor do I think that a fair view of American foreign policy suggests that a holy crusade has actually been the decisive motivating factor. For example, President Johnson has made it perfectly clear that we are not interested in a rollback in Vietnam. That is to say, there is to be no "liberation"—we are not living with Dulles and the notion of "liberating" Communist countries. Johnson has, in effect, said that we will settle for a status quo at the 17th Parallel. The North Vietnamese will maintain their Communist state, and even though we don't like it, we are not attempting to overthrow it. This is anything *but* messianic anti-Communism. I think it is, in fact, a perfectly legitimate horse trade.

Fall: Well, granted, then, that America isn't pursuing an anti-Communist policy, can we speak of a straight anti-Chinese policy? You could, for example, have a straight anti-Russian policy: in other words, if Russia were ruled by the Czars, we might still oppose a Russian move into Greece. Similarly with the Chinese in Southeast Asia. The Chinese may be misruling Tibet—they have always misruled Tibet—but so are some people misruling Mississippi. This is no reason for calling it "aggression."

Roche: But in fact some people do call it "aggression." That is precisely the point. In Mississippi, a great many of us have been out there trying to stop it, whereas to my knowledge there have been no "Freedom Riders" in Tibet.

Fall: Still, if the U.S. had wanted to follow a straight anti-Communist policy instead of a straight anti-Chinese one, then South Vietnam should have been made a fortress as soon as the 1954 Geneva Accords had gone by the board—a full-fledged fortress like Formosa, in 1956; with 200,000 American troops right off the bat, and the place militarized exactly like South Korea. At the same time North Vietnam might have been bought off. Washington could have said, "All right, we're sorry, we won't hold elections, you know Diem won't hold the elections, but if you need a half-million tons of rice, you can have a half-million tons of rice."

But the truth is that nobody has really made up his mind in Washington as to whether it is a straight *Chinese* expansionist threat that has to be contained, or whether it is militant Communism that has to be contained. This perhaps explains why the Vietnam problem is such a muddle.

Goodwin: I don't think that's accurate. How can you speak of an anti-Communist policy, in the old sense of the term, when we are trying to expand East-West trade, and trying as much as we can in the present situation to move forward in our relations with the Soviet Union?

Fall: Anti-Chinese, then.

Goodwin: No—it isn't anti-Chinese, it is opposed to Chinese expansion. That is a very different thing. I don't think the policy is to overthrow the government of China.

Fall: Would you say the Chinese can't expand because these people hate them?

Goodwin: I didn't say that they hate them. I don't know how they feel about them at all, and I don't know whether that is even relevant. It's possible for the Chinese to expand into areas where the people hate them.

Fall: I think it was Jerome Bonaparte who said that you can do almost anything with bayonets except sit on them. The Russians proved this in Hungary.

Podhoretz: I think it's time to open the floor to questions.

Trumbull Higgins:* I wonder if I might ask the speakers to consider the possibility of an irrational explanation for the American intervention and the presumed Chinese hostility. That is, the U.S., having blundered into this war in Vietnam contrary to most expectations, now must engender a Chinese hostility in order to justify the ever-growing war. In short, is not an irrational explanation perhaps more valid here than the desperately rational explanations the speakers are looking for to account for our policies toward China?

McGovern: I for one agree with that interpretation almost one-hundred per cent. I think Mr. Goodwin hinted at it earlier in our discussion, when he said that at no time did we make a calculated, clearly-defined decision on what our policy in Southeast Asia should be. We did become involved, for reasons that aren't clear to me, in backing the French effort out there from 1946 through 1954, but from there on out, I think the

*Mr. Higgins is a noted military historian.

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policy emerged pretty much along the lines that Mr. Higgins has suggested. As more and more American forces were committed, and the results of those efforts proved more and more disappointing and more and more frustrating, our policy makers began to depict a larger threat in the form of China as the reason for our heavy involvement. I think that helps to explain a lot of the confusion about why we are there.

Podhoretz: That's like Macaulay's explanation of how the British acquired their Empire. He said that they did it in a fit of absent-mindedness.

Roche: Well, I don't want to inject an empiricist note into this discussion, but the reason we got involved in Indochina, in a word, was Korea. We were playing around the edges until the Korean War broke out, and then at that point we began to commit ourselves more and more heavily to anti-Communism in Indochina. Whether it was rational or irrational, is a question I don't think we want to discuss at this point, but that's how it happened.

Fall: I would like to be able to agree with you on this, because it would make things neat. But the fact is the United States did recognize the Bao Dai government on February 6, 1950 which was six months before the Korean War, and the American MAAG Mission to Vietnam was appointed on June 12th, also before the Korean War. You are perfectly right, though, that the real effort, the $485 million-a-year effort, only began after the Korean War broke out.

Maurice J. Goldbloom:* I want to talk about this matter of the parallel with Greece and Yugoslavia. It is important to recognize that the Communists in Greece never had more than about a quarter of the population, and Greece was a country in which there were very strong traditional political forces of the kind that France prevented from ever developing in Vietnam. That is, there were always real alternatives with mass popular support there. The second thing is that although the Communists in Greece were dependent on and received far more material aid from Yugoslavia than the South Vietnamese ever got from North Vietnam, we made it a point to avoid any crossing of the Yugoslav border, or any attack on Yugoslavia during the entire period of the Greek civil war. I think that if we had bombed Yugoslavia, or if we had trained guerrillas to go into Yugoslavia, as we trained them in South Vietnam to go unsuccessfully into North Vietnam, that might have had a very important effect in tying Yugoslavia to the Soviet Union, in forcing her to accept Soviet dictates.

Roche: I agree with that. That's why I opposed the bombing of North Vietnam.

Fall: By the way, I don't know how many people remember the very eloquent speech made by Adlai Stevenson in 1964, after the British retaliated against Yemeni guerrillas for having ambushed a British column in Aden. Stevenson said that even under provocation a major power should not retaliate against a weaker country. The then Senator John F. Kennedy also condemned the French in 1958 for bombing a Tunisian border city from which they had been shelled in Algeria, and the then Senator Humphrey at that time demanded that all American aircraft be withdrawn from the French Army. So there has been a great change in the last few years in American attitudes on retaliation against neighboring countries.

Hannah Arendt:† Mr. Goldbloom just knocked out Greece and Yugoslavia as a parallel: I too am a little worried about this parallel business, because it runs like a red thread through the justification of American policy in Vietnam. If you think about the other parallel which was mentioned here, the third one, Czechoslovakia in 1938, the absurdity of the whole business can be shown very clearly. It is as if France or England would have tried to stop Hitler, not by making war on him, but by making war on Slovakia as being somehow in collusion with the Nazi government against the Czech government. They would have started bombing Bratislava and intervening in what could only have been a civil war in Czechoslovakia. If anyone in 1938 had thought that this would have helped to stop Hitler, he would not have been very realistic. This is true for all such parallels. Once you really pursue them, they explode. If we say we want to contain China, then we have to take the problem in its own terms; no parallels will help, we have to look at China itself.

There is a second point I would like to bring up. I think it was Mr. Goodwin who mentioned the possible boomerang effects of defeats or victories in Asia. I am perfectly sure that this is a very serious question, and even one of the most serious. Not even our own military experts today talk about victory any longer. It used to be said that there was no alternative to victory, but in our time there are many alternatives, and victory is one of the worst. But I want to ask Mr. Goodwin what he thinks the boomerang effect on this country will be if we have to fight a six-year war of attrition. Also, taking into consideration the so-called domino theory, what will the boomerang effect on other Asian countries be when they see what can happen to a country once America intervenes?

I am glad that this discussion has centered

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†Miss Arendt is the author of, among other books, *The Origins of Totalitarianism* and *Eichmann in Jerusalem.*

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squarely on the containment of China rather than on the war in Vietnam. I am against the war in Vietnam, I don't see how any good can come from it whatsoever, but I would agree that China is going to be one of the major problems of American foreign policy in the next thirty years. But to pursue this policy in Vietnam of all places, in Indonesia of all places: this is not to see the reality of the whole situation. It is very significant that the Chinese went back voluntarily after they established their old boundaries in India. I doubt that anybody in China even thinks of attacking India. What shall they do with India? They have enough headaches. Should they take India when they already have 700-million people, and as Mr. Roche pointed out, a declining standard of living? That is true, of course, of India as well, and of all these countries because of the population explosion. The Chinese, I recently saw in the papers, are trying to institute birth control, and very cruelly. They simply don't want to give ration cards to every third or fourth or fifth child born. If they actually do that, they will become the strongest nation in Asia, which today they are only potentially. But if we think about China in these terms—that is, the terms in which they themselves must think—isn't it obvious that the real danger zones are Siberia, which is underdeveloped and underpopulated, and perhaps Australia?

Goodwin: I agree fully on the question of parallels. I don't think that any of the historical parallels, Munich and the rest, are meaningful at all. As Miss Arendt said, you have to take China on its own terms. I would even carry that a step further by saying on the other side that you can't talk about polycentrism as the wave of the future—in this case using Eastern Europe as the parallel—in order to show that inevitably these countries, once dominated by the Chinese, will then become independent or nationalistic. They are very different societies from the societies of Eastern Europe. They are much thinner at the top, as underdeveloped countries tend to be, and therefore the overthrow of governments comes a lot easier. Moreover, the long-run structural forces within a country that make for nationalistic stability don't exist to the same degree: we see this very clearly in places like Latin America. Beyond that I don't think the domino theory in its crudest sense applies in Asia—or anywhere else, as a matter of fact.

Nevertheless, serious American defeats in parts of Asia would, in my opinion, have an impact on other countries: they would strengthen forces which are hostile to the United States and close to Communist China, and they would tend to weaken those forces which are trying to maintain governments of another kind. What this would mean in any individual country is very hard to say. There is no doubt, for example, that Cuba did give an impetus to Communist movements in Latin America—though that has died out considerably by now.

I think the Chinese *are* basically hostile to the United States. They may not be able to do anything about it. They may not have the military force for a long time to do anything about it, or even after that, the skill. But they are supporting revolutionary movements in Latin America, for example. I have talked to students in Latin America who have told me that they are receiving funds from the Chinese. In other words, there is a movement, or an effort, going on.

Miss Arendt, I think, is right. Russia does have the most to fear from China in terms of immediate territories. It is by far the most logical target for Chinese expansion. However, we also at least have to keep in the back of our minds the possibility that they may not act rationally. It is often pretty hard to tell what the people in our own government are going to do, much less what Mao Tse-tung is going to do. I don't think the Chinese will invade India, and of course it isn't logical for them to do so, but that doesn't mean they won't, and you have to take that possibility into account in shaping your own policy.

Roche: The immediate cause of the Chinese invasion of India was the border dispute, but I don't think that was the sufficient cause at all. I think that what the Chinese did there was a political-military masterpiece—it was out of Lenin by Clausewitz. Essentially what they did was at one blow to destroy India's standing as a first-rate Asian power. You will recall that this was after the Russians refused, as we now know, to give any nuclear guarantee to the Chinese at the time of the Quemoy crisis. The Russians were then going to have some kind of summit meeting to which Nehru would be invited, and it was at that point that the Chinese decided to destroy India's standing as a first-rate power, which they did in two weeks. Obviously, they didn't invade India to conquer it. They simply wanted to destroy its reputation as a power, and that they did successfully.

Goodwin: In my opinion, what has done most to prevent World War III in the last twenty years has not been the pursuit of rational self-interest, but fear: and I am not sure that the Chinese share that fear to the same degree as we and the Russians. That, I think, is the danger.

McGovern: I think Miss Arendt put her finger on what may be our most crucial blunder in recent years, and that is our tendency to try to use the same course of action in Asia in the 1950's and 60's as we used in Western Europe at the end of World War II. The conditions, of course, are entirely different. In 1945, in Europe, there was a group of Western countries with a background very similar to ours, with a common fear of Soviet encroachment, and a desire to rebuild their econ-

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omies and reestablish themselves as independent powers. Whereas in Vietnam, it seems to me, we intervened on the side of a political force in Saigon that had very little popular support, and no common heritage with us; we intervened against a popular political leader, Ho Chi Minh, who, at the time we first went in there, had, according to President Eisenhower, eighty per cent of the people of the country behind him. That in itself draws the distinction between Munich and Vietnam. Unfortunately, while those of us around this table can readily discard the Munich parallel, the Secretary of State doesn't draw that distinction. He continues to talk as though we were standing at Munich, and as though all will be lost if we don't continue what we are doing.

Roche: It's curious that the only statement by President Eisenhower that the American Left has ever taken seriously is the one Senator McGovern just quoted.

Podhoretz: That, and his farewell speech about the military-industrial complex.

Frank Armbruster:* I would just like to draw attention to a point Dr. Fall made, which is, I think, a very valid one and has a lot to do with what has happened around the periphery of China. He mentioned the very primitive areas on the perimeter of China to the South, but this is also important when people talk about a Chinese attack on Russia. You really have to look at the areas they are claiming and look at what their logistic capability is over there. I think it's wrong to say that China didn't want India because of economic reasons. You could make the same argument about Tibet. I don't really think these things fall in that way. Without getting into theology, there is a dynamism which goes along with this type of Communism, and it has to do with vacuums, if you will, on the borders of Communist countries. The Chinese did pull out of India —that is, they pulled out of the Assam plain area. They had one small division down there which, with the snowfall coming in the mountains, would have been trapped there all winter, and so they went back. But in the Ladak area they did not go back. They kept the road which went through the traditional caravan pass that connected Tibet with Sinkiang.

If we are going to talk in geographic terms—and it always comes down to that when you talk about Chinese military capability—you really have to look at a map: I couldn't agree with Mr. Fall more. If you look at a map, you will see why they aren't taking the Russians on in the area that is in dispute.

So far as Vietnam is concerned, I don't think it's a question of Chinese expansion in that area; Ho Chi Minh also has a drive that is drawn, at least to some extent, from Communist ideology. But China counts too, simply by virtue of the fact that it is there, a large power to the north with a feeling of kinship. To get back to Czechoslovakia—even though the Secretary of State has been much belabored for making the parallel—the reason the Sudeten-German leader, Henlein, felt strong had a lot to do with the fact that a large Nazi state existed to the North. This is not a matter of sending troops necessarily; it has to do with the drawing of power. So that a large dynamic force like China in the North does, I think, lend strength to Ho Chi Minh even though he doesn't like the Chinese.

Senator McGovern said earlier that he believed a conflict with China would be the greatest disaster that could happen in the rest of this century. Yet the Chinese simply don't have any capability to expand; I just can't see this great danger. On the other hand, I just came back from Europe recently, and it was pointed out very clearly to me by the Germans—these were students, government people, businessmen—that our military commitments in Southeast Asia are being watched very closely by people in Europe to see how we live up to them. They are very anxious that we be efficient down there. In other words, there could be a domino effect in Europe. The domino theory also works, at least in part, in Asia. There is no military threat from China to speak of, but we still have to worry about the people in Asia taking an attitude such as Cambodia says it has today. Cambodians tell you point blank that they see the trend, and therefore they have to be neutral and sort of pro-Communist in order to make sure that when the Communists take over they won't have been in sharp conflict with them. Now if we wish to avoid that kind of thing, there is something to be said for America living up to its commitments.

Roche: I suspect that wherever Asian statesmen meet today, they talk about the inscrutable Americans. In 1955 or thereabouts, Sihanouk of Cambodia went to see Dulles and asked whether he could depend on American protection in case of trouble. Dulles said no. So Sihanouk took out insurance. Now, of course, Sihanouk is getting all kinds of hell for his quite rational policy, and he is probably rather upset because we changed the rules. This going back and forth by us has made life very confusing for people caught on the periphery.

McGovern: In response to Mr. Armbruster's comment on what I guess you would call our credibility in Western Europe and other parts of the world, my own impression from what limited observations I have been able to make and what I have read, is that there is very little enthusiastic support for the course we are on in Southeast

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Asia. I don't see that we have had substantial concrete support from our allies in Western Europe for our policy in Southeast Asia, nor have we had any great clear-cut moral support for our position in Vietnam, either from the Europeans or from countries in Asia. Our ambassador in Japan has indicated that there is great apprehension there about our policy. We know that kind of apprehension also exists in India, Pakistan, and other important countries in Asia and Western Europe. So I fail to see where American prestige would suffer if we should do what George Kennan suggested in his statement to the Fulbright Committee—that is, to liquidate some of these untenable positions.

Armbruster: Of course, Kennan was not suggesting that we pull out of Vietnam.

McGovern: I'm not suggesting that either, except after acceptable negotiations. I'm suggesting that our current policy has not improved our prestige either in Western Europe or anywhere else in the world.

Sidney Morgenbesser:* I would like to ask Mr. Roche whether he disagrees with Mr. Fall's analysis of what Chinese action has actually been, not what it might potentially be. If he doesn't disagree, why does he think we need a special foreign policy in relation to the Chinese? After all, the policy he advocates—holding the line and playing for time—is what we generally should do everywhere. I take it that behind all this "wait and see," there is a special foreign policy toward China. . . .

Roche: No, no, I was speaking specifically against the background of the great recent emphasis on China.

Morgenbesser: But do you think Mr. Fall's description of what the Chinese have actually been doing is right?

Roche: I think it's essentially right.

Morgenbesser: If it is right, why do we need a special foreign policy for China?

Roche: The discussion here is about China.

Morgenbesser: But what in your view is unique about China?

Roche: I think because the issue has been raised in such stark terms, that we should de-emphasize the immediate threat of Red China, that we should cool off our ideological blood pressure, so to speak, on the subject of China—in short, that we should play it cool. That's what it comes down to.

Ernest van den Haag:† Do the members of this panel think that the recent change in Indonesia would have come about if we had not pursued pretty much the policy we have pursued in Vietnam?

Fall: All I can say is that the Indonesians very efficiently murdered another set of Communist leaders in 1948 without the United States being present. In other words, where there is internal pressure, it is bound to erupt regardless of what the United States does. It's like the man who marries the boss's daughter. No matter what he does on his own initiative, it will always be credited to the fact that he married the boss's daughter. That seems to be the case here. I would say that the American presence in Southeast Asia, which does, in fact, give the Asians a certain amount of comfort is probably not the presence of forces on the ground; it is the presence of the Seventh Fleet. Two hundred thousand American troops and six hundred thousand South Vietnamese troops bogged down in a fight against lightly-armed guerrillas, is not exactly a demonstration of power. But the Seventh Fleet is another matter.

van den Haag: But what about resolution?

Fall: I don't see how the American presence increases the resolution of Indonesia, unless the Indonesians believe that the Americans are ready to land in Indonesia.

Roche: Now wait a minute. First of all, until quite recently the number of American troops that have actually been engaged in combat operations in Vietnam was not very great. Also, although I opposed the bombing of North Vietnam last Spring—mainly because I find it hard to believe anything the Air Force tells me—it is my judgment, based on some research into the question, that while it hasn't had anywhere near the effect it was supposed to have on the military situation in Vietnam, it did play a very significant role in Indonesia in stiffening the will of the generals against the PKI.

Joseph Starobin:** Could I ask the members of the panel to venture an opinion as to the source of China's hostility to the United States? What is eating these fellows? It seems to me that in any discussion of containing China, one has to arrive at a certain estimate of what it is that makes the Chinese act as they do. The Secretary General of the UN, who is Burmese, suggested the other day a sort of psycho-political interpretation of their

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**Mr. Starobin is a Senior Fellow at the Research Institute on Communist Affairs at Columbia University.

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behavior, and I think it behooves us before we contain them to find out what it is that is bothering them. Is it that they don't like our long noses? Are we the white foreigners? Is it that they expect somehow to overthrow the United States and isolate us? Do they really intend to land troops anywhere near our borders?

McGovern: Well, keeping in mind Mr. Goodwin's warning that it is difficult to know what is motivating our own government, let alone what motivates the Chinese, I think there are certain considerations that might shed some light on the question of what is bothering them. It begins with our very real effort to prevent the Chinese Communist success in their own country. We failed in that in 1949, but only after we had invested a considerable amount of aid and military equipment trying to keep them from coming to power. I suppose, then, that they took over with a rather sour attitude toward us at the very beginning, and that resentment, it seems to me, was then further compounded by the policy of diplomatic isolation of China that we tried to put into effect after 1949. My memory is that there was some serious consideration given to recognizing China, either late in '49, or early in 1950, but then came the Korean War. The Chinese warned that if we approached their frontier they would intervene. We chose to ignore the warning and they did come in. Everyone knows that the war seriously embittered the Chinese toward us, but it worked the other way too. Those many thousands of American casualties poisoned American public opinion toward China. From that time until this, there has been very little effort to bring China into the family of nations. Professor John K. Fairbank of Harvard thinks that the fact that the Chinese, a proud people, have been treated as outlaws and as gangsters has a lot to do with the enraged attitude they have toward the United States and some of the other Western powers. For all these reasons, I would hope that, rather than a policy of containment as defined in the traditional sense of that word, we will work on a policy of reconciliation that is designed to face up to some of these resentments which the Chinese feel.

Goodwin: I don't think you can explain Chinese hostility wholly on the basis of their exclusion from proper society. I think there are a lot of other important drives. One is clearly ideological. If you are really serious about building some sort of Communist world, then naturally your greatest enemy is the great bastion of imperialism and capitalism, the United States. Secondly, the United States happens to be the only power which can oppose whatever ambitions or intentions the Chinese may or may not have in Asia. We had the same position in relation to the Japanese in 1941, which led them to attack us. The Chinese have stated what their long-run strategy is; whether they really believe in it or not is impossible to tell. But the Chief of Staff of the Chinese Army, Marshal Lin Piao, has said that they are going to encircle the United States through revolutions in Africa and Latin America, much as the Chinese Communists encircled the cities from the countryside. I don't think that is a very realistic strategy, or even one they intend to follow, but it *is* the one they have stated.

In any case, there is no doubt that the Chinese are engaged in supporting Communist revolutionary movements all over the world. They are funding insurgency groups and terrorist groups in Latin America and in Africa; that is one of the reasons they have been kicked out of a few African countries. They have been very heavy-handed about it, and very unsuccessful. But when I was in Latin America recently, I discovered that the Russian Communists have become the conservatives of the Left, and that among the young people and the students, if you believed that Moscow was going to help you, you were a sort of status-quo sellout, whereas if you believed in Peking, you could really belong to the new revolutionary generation. There *is* something going on.

Roche: Aren't the Russians financing movements in Latin America?

Goodwin: Oh, the Russians are active, but they aren't doing a very good job. They no longer have a hold on the imagination of the young. The Chinese have it much more; or even beyond the Chinese, there is a kind of nationalistic, anarchistic leftism coming into vogue.

Roche: There is one point I would like to make in this connection. One of the favorite occupations of people these days in talking about Vietnam is to engage in what amounts to an elaborate denunciation of history—of all the tragic and fearful mistakes we have made. But denouncing history is no substitute, unfortunately, for confronting its realities. I feel much the same way about these psychodramas. If you are interested in this, you might read the first edition of E. H. Carr's *Twenty Year Crisis*—not the second, which was modified a bit, but the first edition, which explains Nazism in terms of the paranoid drives that arose out of the feelings the Germans had of being trapped; it also represents Munich as a triumph of the peaceful solution of international differences. In other words, when U Thant gets through explaining the Oriental mind to us, I always want to ask, so what? The sins of my fathers burden me down, but they do not in one whit alter the objective structure of the reality that confronts us right now.

Steven Marcus:* I would like to ask Mr. Goodwin

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what he thinks the effects on American society, on American morale, on American politics would be if this peculiarly brutal war continued for another three or four or five years? That is the first part of my question. The second part is, having made such a judgment and given the American temperament, do you think that America could go on with a war of attrition of this particular kind for three or four or five more years?

Goodwin: I'll take the second part first. I think it might be possible to sustain a low-keyed effort for a long time—low key not in the sense of numbers of troops, but in terms of numbers of casualties, numbers of American soldiers killed—without very serious effect on American society. If the war gets a lot bigger, of course, it will have a serious effect on American society, in the way that Korea did and World War II did.

Podhoretz: Could I rephrase that question? I suspect Mr. Marcus was talking about moral and spiritual effects, just as the French intellectuals did as the Algerian War proceeded. The idea is that this war is bad for us, morally and spiritually, quite apart from its political and social implications, and that it will get worse if it goes on.

Goodwin: No. It may have serious effects, but all war is brutalization.

Marcus: That's not a proper discrimination. There are brutalizations and brutalizations. We all know that the brutalization that took place in Germany and Russia was different from the kind of brutalization that has taken place elsewhere. There are moral discriminations to be made.

Goodwin: I don't see any moral distinction between our involvement in this war and our involvement in Korea. But maybe there are other people who do.

Fall: I was in Vietnam last summer, and all I can say is that in the particular moral context in which Mr. Marcus speaks, the Americans are going down the same path as the French did. That is the kind of war it is. I was in the French underground for two years. As the "counter-insurgent," you finally get frustrated, you get shot at from behind, you get shot at by people to whom you just gave candy. And you react.

And then, of course, there is the real and very serious problem of torture. You have to face up to it. For example, you catch somebody who has just planted bombs in a department store—this happened in Algeria. An officer told me: "Look, I knew the man had two bombs; one we found, and the other we didn't. I knew the bomb would explode at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon and sixty-five women and children would get killed. What could I do? If I stood on my lily-white honor as an officer, and on the Geneva Convention, and didn't torture him, I would have sixty-five women and children on my conscience. If I tortured him, I could save sixty-five women and children." You and I would just as soon not have to make such a choice. Of course, you could say that in Vietnam there are more lie detectors, so one doesn't have to use torture that often. They have sodium pentathol, the truth drug, so they don't have to use electrodes against testicles or on women's breasts. But it does happen. In Vietnam you get the Vietnamese to do it half the time, or three-quarters of the time, or even ninety-five per cent of the time, but the fact is that the man who has participated in this is not going to be the same. What happens when he gets home?

There is a wonderful book which was never translated, by a man I admire very much, Professor Paul Mus, who is a strong French liberal and whose son was drafted into Algeria. Young Mus didn't like it one bit when he went in, but within a year he had reenlisted. He had become a paratroop brute, the regular who shot civilians. His father was shocked. If this could happen to a boy from a nice liberal professorial family, what about all the others? So after his son was killed, Mus published his letters, in which you can see the very subtle change that progressively turned the boy into a brute.

There are some long arguments in Washington on the subject; people say it can't happen to Americans. That's nonsense. Of course it can happen. It can happen to anybody. If you get caught in a war like this for four or five years, that is what it will do to you.

Marcus: I agree. One cannot predict what is going to happen to the society at large when this kind of war is being fought, when there is knowledge, general knowledge, that this is the kind of thing that is done in the course of a day. I don't think one can predict the social, or moral, or personal, or cultural consequences of it.

Fall: In a way that's why I am in favor of using draftees in this kind of war. The difference between Algeria and Vietnam was that in Vietnam you had only the French professional army, whereas in Algeria, there were 500,000 draftees out of 760,000 men. When the French generals in Algeria decided to rise up against the government in Paris, the draftees, to the great disappointment of the generals, remembered that they were citizens first. Good citizens are very much needed now in Vietnam if you are intending to win back the Vietnamese as human beings.

Theodore Solotaroff:* I would like to ask Mr. Roche how he proposes to arrive at a "Korean"

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solution of the Vietnam war without fighting another Korean War—a land war involving five-hundred, six-hundred thousand men. Such a war has already been fought once in that country by the French, with what results we know.

Secondly, how can we "cool it" with respect to Red China, without getting involved in a total re-education of the American public about the realities of politics in the Far East while prosecuting this war? Yet as we have seen in the last year or two, the war has tended more and more to corrupt and pollute public opinion about these realities.

Roche: I would support, and do support, and indeed have supported, a planned action in South Vietnam on the order of 250-, 400-, or 500,000 men if necessary to achieve precisely a Korean solution. On the second point, the American people have what is without doubt the shortest historical memory in the history of man. It is one of our great assets that we are historical nominalists, we think that every problem starts at sunrise on the day we find out about it. After all, within three years after the end of the Second World War, we were rearming the Germans. The whole American attitude toward the Germans and also toward the Japanese had changed. So I don't think that this is one of these permanent poisons that is going to infect the American spirit. I might add here, by the way, that I share Mr. Goodwin's view that there is nothing *sui generis* about the violence in South Vietnam.

Goodwin: On this matter of public opinion, I think the resistance to relations with China is really overstated and that an American President could in fact recognize China, or even support their entry to the UN, with very little political kickback after the first thirty or forty days.

Podhoretz: Would you please tell that to Lyndon Johnson the next time you see him?

Goodwin: But I don't think it is politically or psychologically possible for that to happen while the Vietnam war continues.

McGovern: I think Mr. Marcus touched on an important problem here in mentioning the by-products of this war. I think it is probably true that the United States has enough military power to defeat North Vietnam. But what does victory mean? It may be a very hollow victory indeed. If we commit four- or five- or six-hundred thousand men to a little country like that, we are going to destroy it. There won't be enough left to pick up the pieces.

One of the most dramatic—and yet I think most accurate—assessments that I have seen of the war, was by a *Times* reporter who was out there for about a year and a half. He said that when he went to Vietnam he didn't think the war could be won, but he thought it so important for us to win that it was worth trying. After staying there for a year and a half, he decided that we probably could win the war, but it wasn't worth the price we would have to pay. We would have to kill two or three innocent civilians in South Vietnam for each Vietcong soldier we could wipe out. A policy like that, he said, would make more sense if South Vietnam were the enemy instead of our ally.

Take the case of the Japanese. It is regrettable that we killed so many Japanese in World War II, but at least they were a clearly defined enemy, whereas the people who are going to get killed in South Vietnam are the people we say we are trying to defend. It seems to me that this is one cost that explains some of the moral concern that we feel here in our country. There are other costs we are going to have to pay, not the least of which is neglecting a lot of the things we ought to be doing here in the United States to improve the quality of our own life. We are also going to have to neglect such important problems as nuclear proliferation and our relations with Latin America and with the Soviet Union. Many of these things are going to get shoved into a secondary position because of the necessity of focusing our immediate attention on Vietnam.

Podhoretz: We have time for one last question.

William Phillips:* My question is really addressed to Mr. Roche. He said earlier that he advocates a policy of biding our time and playing it by ear, and I kept waiting and listening for some concrete implementation of these general attitudes. If I read him correctly, he now seems to be saying that the implementation of these general attitudes consists of sending more troops into Vietnam, or into any troubled area. Is this his notion of what a viable and decent American policy might be?

Roche: I start out with the assumption that the war in Vietnam is not a Chinese war. I look on the situation in North Vietnam as North Vietnamese expansionism, or Vietnamese Communist imperialism. My position, as I indicated earlier, is that we should hold on in the South without going North, without enlarging the war, while attempting, of course, to use our military power in the South as a shield behind which to build the social and political and economic institutions which alone can make any kind of long-range solution viable. But I don't see any contradiction between this and playing it cool with China, because I am certain that the Chinese will not intervene in Vietnam unless we go North on the ground—unless we in fact do what we did in Korea, which was to threaten their control di-

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rectly. I don't at all believe we are likely to do this.

Goodwin: I disagree with the assumption that I think both Mr. Roche and Senator McGovern have made, which is that victory in Vietnam is somehow possible. I don't think that victory in Vietnam is likely at all. A Korean-type solution would mean a total defeat of the Communist effort to take over South Vietnam, which is what the war is about. So to speak of that solution is only another way of talking about victory.

A half-million men may seem like a lot of men, but I don't doubt that we will have that many men or more in there very shortly. But you can't win the manpower game. There are 300,000-plus regular troops in the North Vietnamese forces. I have no doubt that those troops will come down, and that when we get a half-million men in there we will find that we haven't got anywhere near enough. Nor has the bombing of the North ever been shown to have anything but the most marginal military value in terms of interdiction of supplies. During the last bombing attack before the pause, there was still a constant build-up by the Vietcong guerrillas. The bombing makes it harder. It means they have to walk at night, it means they have to take ferries instead of bridges. But there are a lot of unemployed people in North Vietnam who can do repair work.

The administration doesn't talk in terms of victory. If we ever did push it to the point of victory, I think the Chinese might well come in. This is a very good argument against pushing it to the point of victory.

I think we are getting into an Alice-in-Wonderland situation in Vietnam. Rhetorically, almost everyone is beginning to agree with everyone else in opposing withdrawal, in doubting that we can win, and in wanting an intermediate position—and all the while the war steadily escalates. My own feeling is that it's going to escalate further. Yet no military expert has demonstrated that victory is possible short of completely obliterating that piece of the peninsula from the earth's surface.

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LIONEL TRILLING

YOUNG IN THE THIRTIES

In the 1950's it was established beyond question that the 1930's had not simply passed into history but had become history. The decade had never been thought of as a mere undifferentiated segment of the past, but now it was to be canonized as a veritable epoch or period, an entity with a beginning, middle, and end, and a style appropriate to the discernible logic of its events. Like any authentic period, this one had its characteristic pathos and the power of arousing nostalgia. Intellectuals who had grown up in the intervening time discovered in themselves a lively affinity with the famous years, which, they suggested, would have sustained their best impulses, as the year in which they wrote manifestly did not. They thought of the admired age as belonging more truly to them than to the people who had lived in it—their received opinion held that such figures of the decade as were still on the scene had not been equal to, or worthy of, the moral opportunities that had been offered by their high-hearted magnanimous moment.

A survivor of the actualities of the Thirties was bound to meet the celebrations of those hypostasized years with some wryness. At scarcely any point was his own recollection of the decade in accord with the moralizing nostalgia of the younger men. He took what comfort he could from the thought that there can be no history without myth, that fictions about the past are always being contrived by generous youth. And he was relieved to find a degree of corroboration of his own sense of things in the view of at least one writer of a generation later than his. In 1955 Murray Kempton published *Part of Our Time,* in which he looked at the events and personalities of the period in some detail and with the intention of objective judgment. One might deplore the rather high, ripe elegiacism of his prose, an Ossianic tone perhaps generated by the subtitle of the book, "Some Ruins and Monuments of the Thirties." But what he had to say about those years went far toward explaining why they should have left a sour taste in the mouths of many who had experienced them. Mr. Kempton did not describe them in an adversary spirit; he spoke more in wondering sorrow than in dismay and he knew that for American intellectuals of this century, the Thirties were the indispensable decade. But he also knew something of the dryness and deadness that lay at the heart of their drama and that they had brought to the fore a peculiarly American desiccation of temperament. He knew the dull unreverberant minds and the systematically stupid minds that had been especially valued. He knew the minds that had corrupted themselves on the highest motives—he had no illusions about the *innocence* of the time, and he could give a pretty good account of its accepted lies.

For me the authority of Mr. Kempton's book was the greater because it put into evidence Tess Slesinger's novel, *The Unpossessed,* which it spoke of as "almost forgotten." The characterization took me aback, for the book had never been forgotten by me, and to see it referred to in this way was a forcible reminder of how rapidly the years go by and with what ease they carry things to oblivion. The fact was as Mr. Kempton stated it—after a sizable flurry of success on its appearance in 1934, *The Unpossessed* did pass from memory and Mr. Kempton's reference to it was the only one I could recollect having seen since a few years after its publication. Mr. Kempton spoke of it as a "document" and used it as such, and indeed it does have, as an account of a particular time and place, a certain evidential value. But it deserves to be remembered for more reasons than that, for the spiritedness of its address, for what in it is pertinent not only to its own period but to ours.

The book would not have been forgotten if the author had continued her career as a novelist. Had there been a considerable body of work, *The Unpossessed* might well have been kept in memory as its auspicious beginning. But no novel followed the first; the only other book by Tess Slesinger is the collection of her short stories, *Time: The Present.* She published nothing after this and she died ten years later.

She was, I have no doubt, born to be a novelist. Her talent, so far as she had time to develop it, invites comparison with Mary McCarthy's. She

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LIONEL TRILLING's most recent book is *Beyond Culture.* The present essay will serve as the introduction to *The Unpossessed,* which Avon Books will reissue in paperback next September.

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had a similar vivacity and wit, although rather more delicate, and similar powers of social and moral observation, which, like Miss McCarthy's, were at the service of the impulse to see through what was observed. In her satiric enterprise Tess Slesinger was gentler than Miss McCarthy; her animus, although it was strong, was checked by compunction. This was partly because the literary practice of the time still imposed certain restraints, but chiefly for reasons of personal disposition.

Still, her animus *was* strong, and the effect upon it of what I have called her compunction perhaps does something to explain why her career as a novelist came to an end. Those who knew Tess Slesinger when she wrote *The Unpossessed* were aware that the book was not only a literary enterprise but also a personal act. It passed judgment upon certain people; in effect it announced the author's separation from them and from the kind of life they made. The act had in it, I have always thought, more aggression than the compunctious young person could support. I have no doubt that it was a perfectly "healthy" aggression, not any greater than was needed to meet the situation. If there was anger in it, there was no hatred and no malice. But probably it disconcerted Tess to break ties, to judge others to be wrong and to say so publicly, the more because, as I believe, she had not lost her affection for those whom she was judging adversely and from whom she was separating herself.

The burden of uneasy—of "guilty"—feeling must have been increased by the success the book achieved. It was not success of an overwhelming kind, but it was real. And in those days success was not, as now it is, thought to be naturally compatible with purity of intention, even the sign and reward of a special virtue. In the ethos of the time, the idea of "integrity" had great coercive power and it was commonly supposed that success indicated an integrity compromised or even wholly lost; the gratification it brought was almost certain to be shot through with shame. This did not, of course, make success any the less interesting and attractive, and those who constituted the circle of Tess's friends wanted it for themselves, chiefly in the form of fame through literary achievement. But it was Tess who first had it. This must surely have made a difficult situation for her. It would have been difficult for a man; it was even harder for a woman. And it wasn't only as a woman that Tess had done what men wanted to do and hadn't done. She had done it as a girl. She quite liked being a girl and handled the *persona* gracefully, with only an infrequent self-consciousness or affectation; her natural charm was of a daughterly or young-sisterly kind, and in some considerable part consisted of her expectation of being loved, indulged, forgiven, of having permission to be spirited and even naughty. And now by her act, by what the book said and by the success it made, she had, she might well have felt, abolished the person she had known herself to be and liked being. One can understand that she might find the new prospect of a novel rather terrifying.

It was also true that she had wanted to stop being a girl, and daughterly and young-sisterly. She wanted to be quite grown, to the point of having children. It was not a wish that at the time could be thought of as a personal instance of a desire which was in the course of nature; it implied cultural considerations of a quite arduous kind. Young people will perhaps not understand this and I find it harder and harder to do so. Yet it is the fact that the intellectuals of the Twenties and Thirties were likely to assume that there was an irreconcilable contradiction between babies and the good life. The fear of pregnancy was omnipresent and it was not uncommon for young married couples to have a first pregnancy aborted not because they were so very poor but because they were not yet "ready" to have the child. One might have a wide circle of married friends of some maturity without knowing any who were parents. Men were generally presumed not to want children, intellectual men thought of them as "biological traps," being quite certain that they must lead to compromise with, or capitulation to, the forces of convention. There was also the belief that it was wrong to bring children into so bad a world. And quite apart from all practical and moral concerns, the imagination of parenthood was not easily available, or it worked only to propose an absurdity, an image that was at essential odds with that of the free and intelligent person: what parent known to anyone had ever been free and intelligent? That Tess, like Margaret Flinders, one of the two heroines of *The Unpossessed,* should want to be a parent and should avow her wish was a cultural choice of no small import, a mutation in faith, with all the stress that attends such occasions and makes them unpropitious for the writer.

She had her wish. In Hollywood she made a happy second marriage with Frank Davis, a producer, and she bore a son and a daughter. She died of cancer when she was forty.

II

THE FIRST time I saw Tess Slesinger was at her wedding to her first husband, Herbert Solow, on a June evening of 1928. Solow and I had been at Columbia College together, although we were not in the same class and had not known each other until after we had both graduated. He was a man of quite remarkable intelligence, very witty in a saturnine way, deeply skeptical, tortured by bouts of extreme depression. His was the first political mind I ever encountered. Knowledge about power and the means by which it is won was the breath of life to

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him, the more because his passionate curiosity served high, strict political principle. He was meant to be a great political journalist. I do not know the reasons for his never having made a continued effort toward the career he might have had—our friendship was not intimate, although of long duration—but I suppose them to be connected with his periods of depression. The years of his youth were devoted to radical politics, in which his most notable achievement was the organization of the Trotsky Commission in 1937. He was a member of the staff of *Fortune,* where his work as writer and editor was held in especially high regard. He died in 1964.

The wedding took place in the meeting-hall of the Ethical Culture Society, whose well-known school in the same building on Central Park West Tess had attended. Neither Solow nor I would have been indifferent to the implications of the scene. The Society was not wholly Jewish in its membership, but largely so, and it was often thought of as a means by which Jews of a certain class carried forward their acculturation, although that word, if then invented, was not yet current. The tone of the Society was judged to be that of an unassailable gentility; it was respectable, well-mannered, undistressed. The Jews who belonged to it were chiefly German, more easily detached from their Reform faith than were the East European (generally called Russian) Jews from their Orthodoxy. The extent of the acculturation of the German Jews was a matter for pride with them, and they were likely to be envied and resented by East European Jews for what would have been called their refinement. To all that its Jewish members were presumed to want from Ethical Culture, Solow and certain of his friends were antagonistic. Our adverse feeling had been raised to the level of principle by our connection with the *Menorah Journal.*

IT CAN scarcely be a digression from Tess Slesinger if I take notice of this remarkable magazine, for Tess lived in its ambience during an important part of her life, and her debt to its managing editor, Elliot Cohen, was considerable, and one that she was happy to acknowledge.

I should explain that the *Menorah Journal* that I knew is not commemorated in the large anthology edited by Leo Schwarz in 1964 and intended as a memorial to Henry Hurwitz, the founder and chief editor of the magazine. Between Hurwitz and Cohen there were extreme differences of temperament and opinion, and Dr. Schwarz's piety has perpetuated the ancient quarrel by excluding from the anthology any contribution that might seem to have been inspired or influenced by Cohen. No one reading the sedate, temperate, measured, rather elderly volume could possibly know that between 1925 and 1929 the magazine had published the stories, essays, and reviews of a group of lively talented young people who thought of it as the natural medium for their work and gave it a tone of irreverent vivacity that its chief editor had not bargained for and did not want.

The *Menorah Journal* would not have come into being, or continued there, had it not been for Hurwitz, who stubbornly insisted that it be maintained by the Jewish community. But Hurwitz was a man with whom it was impossible to converse, at least if you were young and clever. He was shy and stiff, without wit and with no more than a formal humor, and he easily became defensive, although I am sure he meant to be genial and even kind. Cohen was his opposite in every way. He was a Socratic personality, drawing young men to him to be teased and taught. He conversed endlessly, his talk being a sort of enormously enlightening gossip—about persons, books, baseball players and football plays, manners, morals, comedians (on these he was especially good), clergymen (with emphasis on rabbis, one of whom he once described as "the Jewish Stephen Wise"), colleges, the social sciences, philanthropy and social work, literary scholarship, restaurants, tailors, psychiatry. He had gained much from having been born and reared in Mobile, Alabama; he was proud of his knowledge of an American life that wasn't easily available to young Jewish intellectuals, and he cherished his feeling (it was not the less genuine because he was conscious of it) for the unregenerate commonplaces of ordinary existence. Indeed, the basis of his intellectual life sometimes seemed to be a feeling for "the people"; he had reasoned tenderness for the culture of the people such as we find nowadays in the writings of Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams. At that time, among his younger friends, it seemed almost an eccentricity.

Cohen was not very much older than the youngest of us, but with his great beautiful head he had the aspect of an essential seniority which he was entirely willing to support, for he never played the game of being young. He entranced and infuriated us. He had an infrequent smile that was dazzling in its charm; his surliness, if things did not go as he wished, was impenetrable. No one ever had such pleasing manners, or such bad ones. And no one—certainly none of our teachers—ever paid so much attention to what we thought and how we wrote. He has often been called a great editor and so he was. He gave us things to do and when we had done them, he gave them back to us to do over, and better, having first carefully showed us what was wrong. Eventually one had to set up a protection against Cohen's involvement in one's work. Nothing concerned him so much as the written word, and he wanted above all things to be a writer, but he wrote only with the greatest difficulty, and—except in his letters and in the little ironic pieces he wrote for a time under the *nom de guerre* of "An

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Elder of Zion"—never in a way that gave a true indication of his quality; as a consequence, one stood in danger of becoming the instrument of his intellectual intentions. But at its beginning his interest in one's writing did only good.

I had come to know Cohen through his having accepted a short story of mine in my senior year at college; at some time in the following year I had brought him together with Solow. The acquaintance flourished; not long after it began, Solow became Cohen's assistant editor and between the two men there developed a close relationship of often painful ambivalence that lasted until Cohen's death in 1958. After her marriage to Solow, Tess Slesinger came into the circle of Cohen's tutelage; no doubt she learned the more from him because he held her in great affection, as she did him. Eventually, like others, she felt the need to work without particular reference to his approval, but, as I have said, she was direct and constant in her gratitude for the help he had given.

WHAT bound together the group around the *Menorah Journal,* what made those of us who came to Solow's wedding take a high line about the Ethical Culture Society, was the idea of Jewishness. This had nothing to do with religion; we were not religious.* It had nothing to do with Zionism; we were inclined to be skeptical about Zionism and even opposed to it, and during the violence that flared up in 1929 some of us were on principle pro-Arab. Chiefly our concern with Jewishness was about what is now called authenticity.

The word must not be given too much weight, and some might judge that it can have no weight at all, considering what we were not concerned with. If we excluded religion from our purview, if we excluded Zionism, with all that it implied of the social actualities of Europe as well as of an ethnic aspiration that must inevitably be moving, what could a conception of Jewish authenticity possibly refer to? At this distance in time the answer must seem fairly dull—we had in mind something that probably still goes under the name of a "sense of identity," by which is meant, when it is used of Jews, that the individual Jewish person recognizes naturally and easily that he *is* a Jew and "accepts himself" as such, finding pleasure and taking pride in the identification, discovering in it one or another degree of significance. From which there might follow an impulse of kinship with others who make the same recognition, and perhaps the forming of associations on the basis of this kinship.

The way in which Cohen and his clever young friends thought about the matter was not essentially at odds with the view of the man they judged to be all too literal and limited—Henry Hurwitz had started the Menorah Society at Harvard to deal with the sense of exclusion felt by Jewish students, the method being to make them aware of the interest and dignity of the Jewish past, to assure them of, as it were, the normality of the Jewish present, toward which they would, it was hoped, have the attitude of *noblesse oblige.* Our intention was much the same, perhaps even to the *noblesse oblige,* although the actual use of the phrase would have appalled us; only our means were different. When it came to the Jewish present, we undertook to normalize it by suggesting that it was not only as respectable as the present of any other group but also as foolish, vulgar, complicated, impossible, and promising. We named names, we pointed to particular modes of conduct. To write our endless reviews of Jewish books, directing our satire at the sodden piety so many of them displayed, to tease Jewish life, as Cohen did in his "Notes for a Modern History of the Jews" and his "Marginal Annotations," to write vivacious stories of modern sensibility in which the protagonists were Jewish, as Tess Slesinger did, was to help create a consciousness that could respond to the complexities of the Jewish situation with an energetic unabashed intelligence.

The situation of the American Jew has changed so much in the intervening years that it may be hard for some to understand the need for such efforts. Nowadays one of the most salient facts about American culture is the prominent place in it that is occupied by Jews. This state of affairs has become a staple subject of both journalism and academic study—for some years now the *Times Literary Supplement* has found it impossible to survey the American literary scene without goggling rather solemnly over the number of Jews that make it what it is; foreign students have withdrawn their attention from the New Criticism to turn it upon The Jew in American Culture. Jewish protagonists are a matter of course in the contemporary novel, Jewish backgrounds taken for granted. Jewish idioms and turns of speech have established themselves in the language.† And, so far as I can make out, there are virtually no barriers to Jews in the universities. But in the time of which I write, things were

*With the exception of Henry Rosenthal, my closest friend at college, who was studying for the rabbinate. Rosenthal gave up his religious profession in the Thirties and took a degree in philosophy, which he now teaches. Other members of the group were Clifton Fadiman and Louis Berg; Felix Morrow came into it at a later date; Meyer Levin, when he was in the city, consorted with it, and so did Albert Halper. Anita Brenner, a young Texan, a precocious scholar of Mexican archaeology, should also be mentioned. Lewis Mumford, a non-Jewish contributor to the *Journal,* was a presence in the offing and I recall encounters with him; but he was an established figure at an early age, and although only ten years older than the youngest of us, he seemed very grand and we were not easy with him; in those days seniority was more of a bar to communication than it has since become.

†And as elements of American speech are having an effect on English English—"Should, Shmould. Shouldn't, Shmouldn't" is the way a *TLS* reviewer recently expressed his indifference to prescriptive statements.

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not so. Jewish writers were not yet numerous and such novelists as there were did not yet find it natural and easy to take their subjects from their own lives. In the universities the situation was very tight indeed. Cohen, after a brilliant undergraduate career at Yale, had given up the graduate study of English because he believed that as a Jew he had no hope of a university appointment. When I decided to go into academic life, my friends thought me naive to the point of absurdity, nor were they wholly wrong—my appointment to an instructorship in Columbia College was pretty openly regarded as an experiment, and for some time my career in the College was complicated by my being Jewish.

As compared to some anti-Semitic situations that have prevailed, this was certainly not an extreme one, but it had a sufficiently bad effect upon the emotional lives of many who experienced it. Jews who wanted to move freely in the world were easily led to think of their Jewishness as nothing but a burden. One doesn't often encounter nowadays the ugly embarrassment, once quite common, with which Jews responded to an implicit accusation directed against them which they accepted as in some way justified. The young people around the *Menorah Journal* were not much concerned with the anti-Semitism itself. Their interest was in its emotional or characterological effects, which they undertook at least to neutralize.

To wish to create an enclave of culture that would have the effect of advancing Jews—chiefly, of course, Jews of the middle class—toward an "acceptance" of themselves, can scarcely seem a momentous purpose, and, indeed, now that the old state of affairs has gone by, it may be hard to see why it should have engaged the energies of young people to whom cleverness or spiritedness is attributed. And indeed the therapeutic intention I have described, although it was important in our sense of our enterprise, was not at all what made for its excitement. This came from the fact that we had found a way of supposing that society was actual and that we were in some relation to it. If the anti-Semitism that we observed did not arouse our indignation, this was in part because we took it to be a kind of advantage: against this social antagonism we could define ourselves *and* our society, we could discover who we were and who we wished to be. It helped to give life the look of reality.

For a young man in the Twenties, the intellectual or cultural situation was an enervating one. The only issue presented to him was that of intelligence as against stupidity, the fine and developed spirit confronting the dull life of materialist America. With that theme, for what it was worth, Mencken had done all that could be done. I read *The Nation, The New Republic, The Freeman* and hoped that some day I would be worthy to respond to their solemn liberalism with something more than dim general assent. I was addicted to Wells and Shaw but it seemed to me that they spun delightful but fanciful tales about young Philosopher Kings who insisted that their divine right be recognized. I recall my college days as an effort to discover some social entity to which I could give the credence of my senses, as it were, and with which I could be in some relation. But this probably makes me out to be more conscious than I really was—put it, rather, that I was bored and vacuous because I had no ground upon which to rear an imagination of society.

The discovery, through the *Menorah Journal*, of the Jewish situation had the effect of making society at last available to my imagination. It made America available to my imagination, as it could not possibly be if I tried to understand it with the categories offered by Mencken or Herbert Croly, or, for that matter, by Henry Adams. Suddenly it began to be possible—better than that, indeed: it began to be necessary—to think with categories that were charged with energy and that had the effect of assuring the actuality of the object thought about. One couldn't, for example, think for very long about Jews without perceiving that one was using the category of social class. It was necessary not merely in order to think about Jews in their relation to the general society but in order to think about Jews as Jews, the class differences among them being so considerable and having so complex a relationship to the general concept of Jewishness that had at first claimed one's recognition and interest.

At least among some of us, feelings about class developed a quite considerable intensity. They became the basis for personal judgments, often quite bitter, for some years before they were politicalized. But the politicalization was not long in coming. The stock-market crash of 1929 and the consequent depression brought to an end the *Menorah Journal* as we knew it. Funds were in very short supply, the magazine ceased monthly publication and became an uncertain quarterly. In 1932, Cohen withdrew from the managing editorship and Hurwitz began his long sad struggle to keep the magazine alive, which, in some sort, he did until 1947. The young contributors turned to the Marxist radicalism of the day.

III

In any view of the American cultural situation, the importance of the radical movement of the Thirties cannot be overestimated. It may be said to have created the American intellectual class as we now know it in its great size and influence. It fixed the character of this class as being, through all mutations of opinion, predominantly of the Left. And quite apart from opinion, the political tendency of the Thirties defined the style of the class—from that radi-

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calism came the moral urgency, the sense of crisis, and the concern with personal salvation that mark the existence of American intellectuals.

The Unpossessed was the first novel to deal with this new class in an effort of realism. Not until two years later did John Dos Passos bring his *U.S.A.* trilogy to its conclusion with *The Big Money,* which, among other records of personal disaster, sets forth the careers of intellectuals who chose the life of liberty and enlightenment and were destroyed by the cold actualities of this ideal existence. What Dos Passos had to say in 1936 about the death of the heart and mind that might overtake the radical intellectual had been exceeded in stringency by Flaubert in 1869, but *L'Education Sentimentale* was not widely known at the time and *The Big Money* was read with shock and bewilderment. The idea that the life of radicalism is not of its nature exempt from moral dangers is still difficult to accommodate—the articles on Dos Passos and *The Big Money* in the latest edition of *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* do not take note of its place in Dos Passos's view of American life and are content to speak of "the vitiation and degradation of character in a decaying civilization based on commercialism and exploitation." *The Unpossessed* cannot claim the force of *The Big Money* and it lacks the detailed verisimilitude which was Dos Passos's *forte,* but it too brought word of danger in the very place where salvation was believed to be certain, and its unhappy news came early.

Not the least interesting element of *The Unpossessed* is its title, which, we may suppose, makes reference to Dostoevski's great novel about radicalism, *The Possessed.* A recent English version corrects Constance Garnett's translation of the name of the book to *The Devils,* a literal rendering which does indeed convey, better than Mrs. Garnett's, the direct force of Dostoevski's adverse judgment of his radical characters. In the word "possessed" there is now a laudatory connotation which is stronger than the pejorative one. To be possessed by a devil is a condition that is indeed bad and even repulsive, but one may also be possessed by a *daimon* or a god, which makes quite a different state of affairs. We intend admiration when we say of a person that he fought or rode or worked "like one possessed," implying an accession of vital energy which carries him beyond his usual powers. Similarly, the man who is said to be possessed by an idea or a purpose, unless it is manifestly evil, is usually regarded with admiration. Like the word "passion," the word "possessed" has subordinated its bad to its good meaning. And it is the good meaning that Tess Slesinger had chiefly in mind—those persons in her novel who are *not* possessed are unfortunate or blameworthy.

The word in the sense she intended, that of not being in the service of some great impersonal vital intention, applies differently to the men and the women of the novel. In the latter case, the old sexual meaning of the word is in point. Neither of the two heroines is possessed by the man she loves. Margaret Flinders, besides being denied the gratifications of motherhood, is frustrated by her husband's refusal to lay full claim to her treasure of frank and open feeling. Elizabeth, adoring her cousin Bruno Leonard, is no less adored by him, but he is unable to take advantage of the commitment she is eager to give him and thus condemns her to a life of sexual promiscuity. The failure of the men to possess the women is consonant with their inability to surrender themselves to the ideals they profess. Miles Flinders is fussy and finicky, his intelligence limited by his conscience, the last man in the world to bear the brunt of the actuality of political power. Bruno Leonard is what is often thought to be the "typical intellectual," egotistical, self-doubting, skeptical of all purpose whatever; at the big party in aid of the Hunger Marchers and his own ill-conceived magazine, he makes a cynical and vulgar speech in which he expresses his disgust with himself and the whole class of intellectuals.

As a document of its time, *The Unpossessed* must be used with caution. I have said that it has a certain evidential value, but it must be added that its testimony is not of a direct and unambiguous kind. Mr. Kempton uses it in an insufficiently critical way and he comes to conclusions that are not to be accepted. From the radical-intellectual characters of the novel Mr. Kempton undertakes to make inferences about the actual persons who were their prototypes and to describe the tendency of their time that they exemplified; he says of the group that it "was an elite not of origin so much as of attitude; like [Edmund] Wilson, its members hated the middle class from above. Its motives were disgust and alienation. . . . It represented an aesthetic rather than a social tendency." Some of the errors of this description arise from Mr. Kempton's reading of the novel: most readers would say, I think, that "hated" is too strong and simple a word for the characters' attitude to the middle class; nor could it accurately be used of the attitude of the actual persons to whom the characters may be thought to refer. And Mr. Kempton's word, "aesthetic," needs explication, for none of the characters is especially concerned with art or displays attitudes derived from such a concern. The word can perhaps be made to serve accuracy if it is taken to suggest a preoccupation with the look and feel of society, the look and feel of the moral life. But such a preoccupation would be, precisely, social. I think that what Mr. Kempton meant to say was that the novel portrays a group whose tendency was social or moral rather than *political.*

This the novel does do, its further intention being to suggest that the characters practice a deception upon themselves when they think of

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themselves as being political, and that this deception is to be viewed with satiric irony. The situation thus proposed is interesting in itself and it might well be thought to throw some light on the way people act or on the way certain people acted at a certain time. But it does not throw light on the actual group of which some members were, as Mr. Kempton infers, the prototypes of the novel's characters. In point of fact, the group was nothing if not political in the particular mode of radical politics at the time. That mode may be understood from Daniel Aaron's study, *Writers on The Left*. A reading of this useful work might lead to the conclusion that no politics was ever drearier. But it will make clear that the group's participation in it was, if anything, more consciously, and, I think, more intelligently, political than was common.* If eventually the group came to regard radical politics with despair, no member of it reached this state of feeling by having passed through Miles Flinders's simplemindedness, nor would he have expressed his hopelessness in anything like the ugly self-pity of Bruno Leonard's drunken speech. The radical politics the group despaired of was that of the Communist party, which was not the rather comical remote abstraction that *The Unpossessed* represents it as being, and any member of the group would have been able to explain his disillusionment by a precise enumeration of the errors and failures of the party, both at home and abroad. During the considerable time when Stalinism was established as sacrosanct among a large and influential part of the intellectual class, all the members of the group, on reasoned political grounds, opposed this powerful body of opinion, to which, it must be said, the author of *The Unpossessed* found it possible to give her assent during her Hollywood years.

IT CANNOT be imputed to *The Unpossessed* as a fault that it does not accurately present the people and events it is presumed to have had in mind as the basis of its invention. A novel is not in the first instance a document, and its right to make free with the actuality from which most novels take their start cannot be compromised. To actuality the novel owes nothing, although to reality it gives total allegiance: so runs the prescript of criticism. But sometimes actuality and reality are one, or very nearly so, and *The Unpossessed*, good as it is, would have been a better book still if the author, by a firmer commitment to actuality, had set a more substantial historical scene, if she had encompassed the political particularities of her time. Politics was not her subject, but it made the root and ground of her subject, which is the ironic discrepancy, eventually the antagonism, between life and the desire to make life as good as it might be.

The dialectic is a familiar one and it has attracted literary temperaments as diverse as Molière and Hawthorne. It begins with the discovery that the established values of society are wrong, not only corrupt but corrupting, and with the decision to reject them in favor of other values, which, to all appearance, are far superior, of a different and higher spiritual order. It proceeds in the growing awareness that the preferred new values have their own deficiencies and constitute their own danger. They are by no means proof against human depravity. If they are affirmed by a group, the small dissident social unit is seen to have its own principle of corruption, perhaps different in kind from that of the rejected society but no less active. In the conscious commitment to virtue there is seen to lie a fault which in due time becomes fully apparent—an absoluteness or abstractness which has the effect of denying some free instinctual impulse that life must have. It then seems to be true that the rejected society, for all that its values are wrong, does at least permit "the simple and normal life," as Thomas Mann called it in speaking of his famous story *Tonio Kröger*, in which he expounds an analogous dialectic, that between art and established society. In the antagonism between "nature" and "spirit" —the terms are Mann's—the established society, although it may indeed be the enemy of spirit, is the ally of nature. And if it seems to be after all but an ambiguous ally, it may be the more willingly accepted when it is understood that corrupted spirit is rather worse than corrupted nature.

In the radical political culture of the Thirties, the dialectic was to be perceived at work in its fullest ironic force. The doctrine of the politics affirmed freedom; the conduct of the politics was likely to be marked by a dull rigidity. The doctrine was directed toward the richness and fullness that would eventually be given to human life, but a solicitude for mankind in general and in the future had the effect of diminishing the awareness of actual particular persons within the reach of the hand. One has but to read the politically-oriented novels of the time to know the dreary limitation that overtook the imagination of what life is or might ever be.

It is scarcely surprising, since the dialectic is

*See especially page 439, note 3. Since my name is mentioned in this extended reference to the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, perhaps it is here that I should correct Mr. Kempton when, if I read him aright, he suggests that I am represented in *The Unpossessed*. This is not the case and was not supposed to be the case by any of the author's friends at the time the book appeared and was much talked about, with, of course, frequent reference to such portrayals of actual people as it was understood to contain. I make the correction partly in the interests of accuracy, partly in order to be able to claim a more nearly complete objectivity in speaking about the book than might be thought possible if I were personally portrayed in it. Perhaps I should add that none of the characters of the novel is a literal, or even nearly literal, representation of the person to whom the character may be referred.

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between "spirit" and "nature," that a woman should have been the first to take note of the state of things. For some decades before the Thirties, the belief prevailed that woman stood in a special and privileged relation to "nature," or, as it was sometimes called, "life." Many writers, among them Meredith, Henry James, Shaw, Henry Adams, Wells, Lawrence, and Yeats, had contributed to a rather engaging *mystique* of Woman which developed concomitantly with the feeling that the order of the world as it had been contrived by man was a dismal and possibly a doomed enterprise. The masculine mind, dulled by preoccupation, was to be joined and quickened by the Woman-principle, which drew its bright energies from ancient sources and sustained the hope of new things. Implicit in the *mystique* was a handsome promise made to women—they were to be free, brilliant, and, in their own way, powerful, and, like men, they were to have destinies, yet at the same time they would be delightful, and they would be loved because they were women. The *mystique* faded and the promise lapsed. There are no traces of them in our contemporary literature, and when in older books we encounter the female characters born of that late Victorian and Edwardian dream of Woman, all aglow and shining from the peculiarly close connection with nature, or life, that their authors assigned to them, they appear as the nymphs and goddesses of a vanished age. But up through the Twenties, the *mystique* and its promise could still command the belief of some women.

It was a generous credence. Tess Slesinger set out with it and it made part of her singular personal charm. It probably shaped her style, for better or worse. *The Unpossessed*, quite apart from its *parti pris*, is avowedly and unabashedly a woman's novel and that lack of substantiality of which I have complained is in part the result of a woman writer's stylistic intention—gross and weighty facts were to be kept to a minimum so that there would be little impediment to the bright controlled subjectivity of a feminine prose manner inaugurated by Katherine Mansfield, given authority by Virginia Woolf, and used here with a happy acerbity of wit superadded.

At least a little irony must surely have touched such faith as Tess Slesinger gave to the waning cult of Woman. Yet there is a strange moment in *The Unpossessed* which suggests that the author received it with rather less doubleness of mind than might have been expected of her. Among a small party of friends Margaret Flinders's husband, Miles, has shown great emotional distress. His wife moves quickly to comfort him by her touch and succeeds in doing so. This passage follows: "Had Margaret Flinders sprouted wings? Bruno watched her moving in her sudden radiance. She was beside Miles in a second, her arms about his neck. Something had taken hold of Margaret, filled her with triumphant storm; and Miles, allured, bewildered, stood like a moon beside her sun." It is then said that Miles "was frightened of her. . . . But he was smitten with joy and pride in her." And: "He timidly put out his hand and patted her. The gesture was ridiculous; like patting God."

It is possible, of course, to interpret this in an adversary way. The American litigation between the sexes, after having been quite overt and articulate, has gone into a latent phase, but not before it produced a judgment against women that has established itself in our structure of belief. The substance of this judgment is that women are hostile to men and carry their hostility to the point of being castrating, or, as some say, thinking it to be a subtler and more scientific word, castrative. And here in this passage, it will occur to some readers to remark, is the archetypical female fantasy: the woman in her specifically feminine role puts on power, becomes more powerful than the man; in the metaphor of her own perverse mythology, she is the sun to the moon of the frightened and bewildered husband; nor does the fantasy of power stop short of her assumption of a masculine godhead.

The passage is certainly curious. And no doubt there is ground for the adversary reading of it I have supposed, just as there is ground for taking the book as a whole to be that so often graceless thing, a novel of feminine protest. But to settle for this view of *The Unpossessed* would be to misunderstand its real intention, which, as I have said, was to set forth the dialectic between life and the desire to make life as good as it might be, between "nature" and "spirit." That this intention should be susceptible of misunderstanding is, no doubt, the fault of the book itself: had the two terms of its dialectic been of equal substantiveness, had the actuality of politics been more fully realized, the possibility of seeing the issue as merely that between men and women would not have existed. And it is the real intention of the book that gives rise to the imagery of the passage I have quoted—the wings, radiance, triumphant storm, dominant sun, and very godhead are not to be understood as the feminine armament in a war between the sexes: the Blakean paraphernalia are meant to suggest the will and the hope of still uncorrupted nature in its resistance to the tyranny of spirit.

"In our time," said Thomas Mann, "the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." Instead of political terms Mann might have said social terms or moral terms, any *terms* at all for the meaning of man's destiny, and still W. B. Yeats would have seized the sentence to inscribe at the head of a poem which says to its solemn epigraph that what it remarks is all very well, and maybe true, but has nothing to do with the real motions of man's heart. Yeats, however, knew that there is no escape from *terms*—the pathetic

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little tantrum of a poem called "Politics" ("How can I, that girl standing there. . . .") is followed in *Last Poems* by "The Man and the Echo" in which the old poet, searching his life for the harm he may have done others by what he had spoken and written, defends himself from his own accusation by saying that it had not been open to him to "shirk/The spiritual intellect's great work," going on to say that there is no "work so great/As that which cleans man's dirty slate."

It is a characteristic of the modern age that an ever-increasing number of people suppose that they must be involved in the spiritual intellect's great work. Whoever can recall the Twenties and Thirties might well have a clear notion of how constant has been the augmentation of their number. The modern person who has reached a certain not uncommon point of intellectual development lives in relation to *terms,* that is to say, to ideas, principles, pasts, futures, the awareness of the dirty slate and the duty of cleaning it. Some stand closer to the activity of the spiritual intellect than others, but all are obedient to its imperative, and proud of their obedience. Yet over this necessity there hovers the recollection, or the imagination, of a mode of existence that is not in the control of the spiritual intellect, the mode of existence that, to use Yeats's language, is of "the body and its stupidity," the blessed stupidity of nature and instinct. Tess Slesinger, who might herself have been "that girl standing there" of Yeats's little poem, enrolled herself early among those who undertook to advance the "great work." Like the friends with whom she began her public intellectual life, she believed that there was no better occupation than to scrub the slate clean of the scrawls made on it by family, class, ethnic or cultural group, the society in general. She did not change her judgment of the enterprise, but in one especially vivacious and articulate moment, she took notice of the scribble she had not expected to see on the slate—the one made by the spiritual intellect itself.

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THEODORE FRANKEL

Art, Politics, & the Soviet Writer

THE RECENT convictions of the Russian writers, Andrei Sinyavsky (alias Abram Tertz) and Yuli Daniel (alias Nikolai Arzhak) to seven and five years imprisonment respectively for the crime of sending abroad "anti-Soviet" works constitute only the latest of a number of such scandals which have rocked the Soviet Union since Stalin's death. However, unlike the attacks mounted against Ilya Ehrenburg and the poets Voznesensky and Yevtushenko in 1962 and 1963, the trial was obviously not intended to signal another general freeze; to counter its impact, Voznesensky and Yevtushenko were nominated for the Lenin Prize in literature, and Valery Tarsis—a self-confessed member of the Sinyavsky-Daniel group—was permitted to lecture in England (though he was subsequently deprived of his citizenship).

What the trial and the counterbalancing measures accompanying it signify is the determination of the Soviet leadership to enforce the *modus vivendi* reached with the Russian literary community under Khrushchev. Under this accommodation it was understood that the intellectuals would not openly challenge the ideological supremacy of the party, while the party assented to limited exercises in artistic autonomy. This somewhat artificial marking-off of spheres of influence has been upset several times, once by the literary activities of the poet Iosif Brodsky and now again by Sinyavsky and Daniel—and in both cases the Soviet leadership reacted solely against the individuals concerned and carefully avoided putting the entire intellectual community in the dock.

Despite the party's attempts to isolate individual transgressors, however, it seems inevitable that the equilibrium between the party and the intellectual community is bound to remain unstable for some time to come, for it is based on a very radical and rather recent restructuring of the traditional relationship between Russian art and politics—a relationship which was based on the recognition of art and politics as equal and interpenetrating realms.

From Pushkin forward, Russian writers were typically influenced by the political currents of their times and by an "ideological" conception of their relation to the public. The "mission" of most 19th-century Russian writers was that of educating and elevating the Russian people, and they shared or created ideologies—ranging from Westernization to Slavophilism, from socialism to Christian anarchism to populism—whose common purpose was to overcome or transvalue the impotence and humiliation of Russia vis-à-vis the West. Moreover, as Dostoevsky's fate reminds us, this involvement was not an idle intellectual pastime; it involved agitation and conspiracy, and the threat of jail, exile, or death. Whether despite their involvement or because of it, the works of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Turgenev demonstrated the aesthetic potential of this "civic literature."

The revolution of 1905, and still more that of 1917, if anything intensified the political engagement of Russian literature. The Bolshevik revolution became the obsessive central fact of existence and the exploration of its significance brought into common focus virtually all the diverse tendencies, groups, and individual talents that were active in Russian letters. At its highest point, post-revolutionary Soviet literature enlisted major older writers such as Bedny, Blok, and Akhmatova and produced giants like Pasternak, Mayakowsky, Mandelstam, and Babel.

TO BE sure, this tremendous burst of creative energy did not last long under Stalin's rule. In those terrible years when literature was inexorably declining into propaganda, it became apparent that the peculiar Russian synthesis of art and politics had broken down. Bolshevik ideology had developed into a cancer which devoured and destroyed the intellectual and moral life of the nation. The Communist cadres increasingly opposed the hopes, needs, and desires of the people and artists alike; while the artists, now forcibly disengaged, were driven to accept a doctrine of accountability to the party and the state in the name of the public welfare that was a bitter parody of the sense of mission which once had animated them. In the name of "socialist realism" they were compelled now to fabricate a totally false reality. There were the odes to Stalin by poets who were deathly afraid of the monster, the epics of factory life by writers who were appalled by the ugliness and suffering of forced industriali-

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zation, the romances of *kolkhoz* life by novelists whose relatives had perished in the collectivization drive.

The fate of the next generation was even worse, for by now Joseph Stalin's primitive world had become their only frame of reference. His simple dialectical catechism provided their only categories of political awareness; and because their habits of thought furnished no other premises than those of vulgar Marxism, personal revolt—even disagreement—became increasingly impossible.

This total regulation of ideas also constricted the expression of emotions and eventually the emotions themselves. Whole areas of human experience were proscribed from literature, including those which have always seemed peculiarly Russian: religious inwardness, existential sorrow, the dramatic swings from despair to exaltation. Of course, intellectuals in Russia continued to love and grieve and to experience the world in various moods. But because their emotional life could no longer be expressed in literature, its quality was bound to diminish. One of the basic functions of literature is to articulate and reinforce otherwise inchoate feelings and intuitions and to provide models of personal behavior; in Russia, where this function had been particularly essential because of the backwardness of most of the society, the failure of literature to perform it inevitably led to a general decline in awareness, a general flattening of sensibility. Thus in both of its traditional concerns—with the Russian state and the Russian spirit—Russian literature under Stalin was distorted and denatured.

If artists and writers were particularly hard hit by Stalinism, this was not only because ideas and sensibility are their stock-in-trade and their reason for living, but because they stand in particular need of a vital, unbroken tradition. What writers most respond to and react against, after all, is the work of their predecessors: eliminate a generation and you orphan an entire literature.

Thus by the end of Stalin's rule, an entirely new "civic literature" had been established whose monolithic politics, uniformly naturalistic style, and depressed emotional and intellectual level bore little trace of the lively, varied, and self-assertive literature of pre-revolutionary and early revolutionary times.

The full extent of the malaise afflicting Russian letters became apparent only after Khrushchev removed some of the restrictions on the literary and artistic community during the "thaws" of 1957 and 1962-63. Until then it had been possible to believe in the existence of a large and rich underground literature, locked away in desk drawers and safes all across Russia. However, once these manuscripts began to circulate widely, if sometimes clandestinely, it became disappointingly clear that subversive writing had suffered virtually the same inanition as had the literature of accommodation. There was Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago,* a towering moral achievement but flawed as a work of art; there were in addition several first-rate novellas and a number of fine poems. All the rest could be summed up by the remark of a Russian observer who described the unpublished protest novels as "a flow of earnest . . . productions in a critical and honest vein but in the same old, flat-footed Soviet manner."

Even more indicative of the withering influence of Stalinism was the behavior—political as well as literary—of the Soviet literary community during the thaws of 1957 and 1962-3. We have had exceptionally ample accounts of this behavior during both thaws;* here I want to discuss only the later one in some detail as a way of focusing on how the legacy of Stalinism—a legacy that still besets Russian letters—has worked to destroy the genius of engaged Russian art.

THE 1962-3 thaw was initiated by Khrushchev himself at a time when his struggle with the Chinese was coming out into the open, and when the local party chairmen were opposing his plan to split the Communist party into an industrial and an agricultural apparatus—a move that threatened their jurisdiction. (Behind this latter issue loomed Khrushchev's intention of reorganizing the entire Soviet economy, so the stakes were high on both sides.) What better way of attacking both groups simultaneously than by resurrecting the specter of Stalin? Khrushchev ordered the publication of Solzhenitsyn's labor-camp novella, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* and Yevtushenko's poem, "Stalin's Heirs."

The initial response of the liberal writers and artists was almost exclusively a matter of organized political action—thus illustrating how deeply Stalin had rent what was once the indivisible genius of Russian engaged art. Almost immediately, they organized a closely-knit faction under the mixed leadership of survivors of the older generation like Ehrenburg and Paustovsky, middle-aged writers like Twardovsky, and young Turks like Yevtushenko. They embarked on a major campaign to promote their ideas and to take over the power and positions held by the members of the old Stalinist clique. With help from above, the liberals managed to elect their own people to the boards of various locals of the Writers' Union, to oust "conservatives" from editorial and managerial posts, and to gain official recognition in the form of foreign trips and large printings. They also took increasingly more belligerent positions on questions of artistic freedom at writers' congresses.

According to Peter Benno, whose essay on the

*See, for example, *Soviet Literature in the Sixties,* a collection of essays edited by Max Hayward and Edward C. Crowley (Praeger, 221 pp., $4.95), and *Khrushchev and the Arts* by Priscilla Johnson and Leopold Labedz (M.I.T. Press, 300 pp., $7.50).

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"Political Aspect" appears in the Hayward-Crowley volume, the battle between liberals and conservatives boiled down to a simple power struggle in which matters of principle were little more than identification badges. Mr. Benno's tough-minded approach is a needed corrective to the overly idealistic accounts we have been given of the struggle. Still, his judgment of the motives of the participants is unduly reductive. Clearly, the liberals did want to do away with the worst restraints of the Stalin era, to broaden their freedom of expression and of experimentation (though not absolutely), and to have more contact with the rest of the world.

Up through November 1962, the liberals won one victory after another. And then, just as they were about to grow dizzy with success, their fortunes went into an equally sudden reversal. On December 1, Khrushchev denounced the paintings and sculptures exhibited by Russian modern artists at the Manezh gallery. The next day, the newspapers were full of denunciations of the liberals and their works, and in the weeks that followed they began to lose, one after another, their newly-won positions of power and influence.

The most cogent explanation of this reversal is that Khrushchev had sustained a number of setbacks—the Cuban missile crisis of October, rising prices during that summer, and the unexpectedly tenacious opposition of the local party chairmen to his reorganization scheme—that forced him to retreat from his liberalization policies. Also, the anti-Stalinist campaign had begun to touch him personally as a close collaborator of the late dictator. Once he had decided, or been compelled, to retrench, his crackdown on the literary community served as a way of ending the thaw, just as his encouragement of that community had served as a way of initiating it.

By March 1963, Khrushchev had partially rehabilitated Stalin, and the conservatives, in the ascendent again, were calling for the use of force against their opponents. "The atmosphere in Moscow by now was one of fear," writes Priscilla Johnson. "There was a feeling that anything might happen." By the end of March, the poets Yevtushenko and Voznesensky had publicly recanted, and soon after, the writer Aksenev apologized as well.

This marked the nadir of the liberals' cause. By mid-April the campaign against them began to abate. Perhaps because of the protests from Communist parties abroad, or perhaps simply because he had regained control, Khrushchev rejected the more extreme demands made by the conservatives and reasserted the authority of the party over both factions.

By comparison with the political activity of the literary community during the thaw, the efforts expended on artistic expression during this time seem perfunctory: the novellas, short stories, and poems that came from this period were typically cautious and noncommittal. One suspects that even during a time when writers felt free to act in behalf of their beliefs, they were not yet able to write freely as artists, to overcome—overnight, as it were—the break in the tradition, the decades of repression and inhibition. Moreover, there must have been strong feelings of uncertainty concerning the new relationship between art and politics—a problem which had unexpectedly been reopened by Khrushchev's liberalization program. It was obvious that neither the pre-revolutionary role of public spokesman nor the Stalinist function of camp-follower was open to them; and of the options lying between these extremes, none seemed very clear or secure.

THE THINNESS of the literary response to the thaw is suggested by the fact that only a handful of competent writers were engaged by it in their work. Thus, in three different anthologies of the period (edited by Thomas P. Whitney,* Andrew Field,† and Patricia Blake and Max Hayward,** respectively), only eleven new writers are represented by a total of twenty-five selections—and four of the writers account for eighteen of them. Nor does one find any marked increase in diversity; the range of the Soviet literary imagination is still so restricted that the new directions which emerged during the thaw all seem to lead into the same three or four paths.

The first and most frequent tendency is found among orthodox followers of the party who are struggling to introduce some degree of artistic freedom and complexity into their celebrations of Soviet life. A good example is Vladimir Tendryakov's "Short Circuit," which, like many of his other stories, affirms the achievements of Communism while pointing up their moral costs. The hero of "Short Circuit" is a Khrushchev-like manager whose ability to make hard decisions under stress is shown to be bound up in a personality that is damaging to his family, his friends, and subordinates. Though a rather simple form of conflict for a writer to deal with, it still puts a heavy strain on Tendryakov's resources. Instead of moving toward a meaningful confrontation between political goals and moral scruples, he limits the issue by permitting all the key figures in the story to experience the same contradictory emotions in varying degrees. Thus the conflict between power and virtue remains unexplored, and Tendryakov's personal uneasiness toward his hero merely transmits itself to his equivocal and vacillating cast of characters. This is "constructive writing," to be sure, but at the expense of engaging the question it raises. There are a number

*_The New Writing in Russia_, The University of Michigan Press, 412 pp., $6.95.

†_Pages from Tarusa, New Voices in Russian Writing_, Little, Brown and Co., 367 pp., $6.75. This is a translated selection from a larger Soviet work which appeared in 1961.

**_Half-Way to the Moon, New Writings from Russia_, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 276 pp., $5.95.

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of Central European writers who would know how to exploit the ambiguity of Tendryakov's situation, but lacking their gift of dual vision, he can only founder amid the disjunctions between political loyalties and personal consciousness.

There are many such holdovers from Stalin's world: heavy-handed social realists, inveterate moralizers who are redeemed, if at all, by their stubborn honesty in dealing with individual relationships. Even the best book in this genre, Vladimir Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*, is undermined by its emphasis on the possibilities of making Communism more efficient and humane. A more extreme case of what Peter Benno calls "Stalinist literature *à rebours*" is the poetry of Yevgenyi Yevtushenko. When his anti-Stalinist poems "Stalin's Heirs," "Babi Yar," and "The Dead Hand" appeared in the West, Yevtushenko quickly acquired a reputation as a significant poet and a political rebel. On second look, he has turned out to be neither. Much as one hates to say so, the directness, simplicity, and sensitivity which made a poem like "Babi Yar" so effective in publicizing the plight of Soviet Jewry are not the qualities which of themselves make for major poetry. On the contrary, Yevtushenko's polemical verse, detached from its political content, seems unsophisticated and anachronistic, much as his lyrical poems are heavily romantic in their sentimentality and conventional in their non-conformity. Far from being a radical, moreover, Yevtushenko is a man so thoroughly conditioned by his Stalinist upbringing that his political vision goes no further than de-Stalinization combined with reform of the party. Indeed, Khrushchev's famous secret speech to the Twentieth Party Congress was more revolutionary than Yevtushenko's "Stalin's Heirs." Because of his youth and flamboyance, however, Yevtushenko became the political spokesman for the new generation, faithfully expressing in his "bohemian" way of life no less than in his poetry their repudiation of the past and their urgent, if vague, search for a better future.

Yevtushenko's importance derived from his role as the idol of the Russian students. And for a time he seemed to be the heir of those poet-leaders who might revive the distinctive tradition of a powerful civic literature. This possibility, however, was quickly nipped in the bud by the party, which took the sensible course of wooing the would-be rebel rather than attempting to silence him. Since Yevtushenko wished only to reform the Communist party, and since he needed to keep open the channels to the Kremlin if he was to remain the spokesman of his generation, he was easily seduced. In time, his various conflicting political responsibilities led him to compromises (such as altering "Babi Yar"), and these days he can be trusted enough to be allowed to go abroad again, there to declaim his old rebellious poems as part of the campaign to promote a "progressive" image of Khrushchev's successors.

In sharp contrast to this new civic literature is another category, which might be called the school of inner emigration, represented mostly by short-story writers who have turned their backs on politics and deal with the little incidents and poignancies of everyday life. A village carpenter drives his dying wife to the hospital and daydreams of having a meal in a fancy restaurant; an engineer on a brief vacation shows himself to be insensitive to the troubles of a young girl who happens to sit next to him on the bus; a truck driver picks up a woman hitch-hiker, fantasies a romance with her, and is brought down to earth by her insistence on paying him for the ride; a schoolgirl is punished by her friends for talking to a boy whom they have ostracized. From such sad, inconsequential stuff Kazakov, Nagibin, and most of the writers in the anthology, *Pages from Tarusa*, spin their unadorned tales. The great popularity of these authors in the Soviet Union evidently derives from the ease with which readers can identify with the minor triumphs and sorrows of their characters, and with their predominant mood of fatalistic acceptance which reflects an enduring Russian trait—as well as the actual situation of the individual in Soviet society.

Lifelike, honest, tightly-structured, these modest stories are among the best-written literature produced in the Soviet Union. Nor are they quite as detached from the issues of Communist life as their authors and public like to believe. In a completely politicalized society, the very act of writing a deliberately non-political story is a protest, however weak, against the state. Moreover, being a species of socialist realism, this fiction cannot help but comment, indirectly but sometimes tellingly, on the conditions of Soviet life. One finds, for example, a devastating judgment of Soviet agricultural policy communicated by stories in which the emptiness of the peasants' existence is powerfully suggested by the pathetic modesty of their desires. Finally, the main characteristics of this literature—its understated style, its fatalistic philosophy, its focus on the individual—all serve by implication to debunk the bombast, the shallow optimism, and the inhuman stress on the importance of institutions which are the hallmark of the official literature.

This genre, though, is perhaps less subversive of the state than it is of the genuine talents of some of its practitioners. By hewing so closely to the surface of things, these writers inevitably scant the deeper layers of individual experience, just as they tend to simplify and foreshorten social perspective through the brevity and narrowness of their tales. Thus is the Chekhovian sketch converted into a peculiar species of escape literature which evades the reality of social control in the Soviet Union by adopting the comforting fiction that only the individual counts. Yet what actually emerges from these stories is precisely the opposite point: it is the impotence of the individual we

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see, not his importance, in the endless procession of pathetic and nondescript Ivans and Natashas.

This central pretense concerning the individual accounts for much of the sentimentality that marks the stories in *Pages from Tarusa*. It also explains the sense of incongruity that gradually takes hold of a reader who goes through a large number of such stories, for they register a consistently anemic response to the enormous realities of the Soviet state—the convulsions of Stalin's regime, the Second World War, and the domestic and foreign crises in which the Russian people have been and are involved. A constant preoccupation with the commonplace, however honorably motivated, cuts off consideration of larger and more decisive issues; and to humanize the Soviet character by reducing it to the purely personal is to narrow rather than broaden the horizons of consciousness.

WHILE THIS self-limitation is the essence of the non-political Soviet writer's craft, it functions as a strategy for writers—like Aksenev, Okudzawa, and Solzhenitsyn—who attempt to offer serious comments on their society. Aksenev's "Half-way to the Moon" is the tale of a robust young lumberjack who falls in love with an airplane hostess—symbol of unattainable elegance and refinement—and, in the vain hope of meeting her again, flies back and forth on her route like a lost soul. Despite its whimsy, the story is coolly detached in its portrayal of Russia's confused and rebellious youth, and unlike the "inner-emigration" genre pieces, it aims at making a more than merely "personal" point. So, too, with Okudzawa's "Lots of Luck, Kid," a downbeat war novella whose non-hero, a likable peasant lad, tells in the first person singular "how I fought in the war, how they wanted to kill me, and how I made it through all right." And so, of course, with Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*: in this famous account of the daily struggle to stay alive in a Soviet labor camp, the very walls of the camp seem to come forward to bear unemotional witness to the sufferings of Ivan, the Russian Everyman.

Aksenev, Okudzawa, and Solzhenitsyn make up the small group of Soviet fiction writers who confront major social issues in a serious and solid way. They all feature the common man as a hero; and they all use his peasant heart and mind, his goodness and slyness, to serve as the recording center of consciousness. Generally, their style is naturalistic and highly idiomatic; indeed, all three writers are almost unintelligible in Russian unless the reader has an extensive knowledge of peasant dialect, adolescent slang, or the argot of labor-camp inmates.

In short, what we have here is a quasi-documentary form which permits the author to let "the facts" and "the people" speak for themselves. This is of obvious value in a society where the fear of repression and reprisal is still strong; the form also leans on a cherished populist tradition in Russian letters, and since it allows for easy identification on the part of the reader, it makes for a deep and lasting impact on a mass audience. Solzhenitsyn's spare tale of the Stalinist camps shook the Russians as Pasternak's complex novel never could have done.

Nevertheless, much of what has been said about the other types of contemporary Soviet fiction applies to the documentary protest novel as well. By depicting the social scene strictly as seen through the eyes of their simple protagonists—who are, moreover, deeply caught up in events—the authors deprive themselves of whatever larger awareness they have gained of the dynamics of the system; they also relinquish whatever distance they have been able to put between themselves and their social conditions, and they sacrifice any possibility of letting their art confront and transcend the conditions of life. More seriously, the narrow focus of the documentary form itself commits the author to a flat, oversimplified realism which cannot finally do justice to the surrealistic qualities of, say, Stalin's labor camps. The assumption of neutrality, the quiet style, and the very definite structure called for by the medium, produce an order and rationality which negate and betray the chaos and madness at the heart of whatever it portrays. Perhaps the best proof of this inherent tendency of the documentary form to diminish its subject is the fact that Khrushchev and his successors have been able to make use of books like *Ivan Denisovich* which, on the face of things, should have been a radical indictment of the entire system.

In the end, then, Solzhenitsyn and the others have failed to establish a significant political literature. One can point to the severe restraints on such writers in the Soviet Union, but it is also true that other writers of fiction like Sinyavsky-Tertz have chosen to remain unpublished in Russia rather than submit to the restrictive "objectivity" of socialist realism or its contemporary variants. If the "documentary" writers have lowered their sights to the "facts," one suspects that they have done so at least partly in order to write on the level of their imaginations.

This is particularly true, I think, of Solzhenitsyn. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *Matryona's Home* are great documents, but their author is not a great artist. There is no resonance to his work, none of the richness one senses when a first-rate mind is in the background. His characters and situations, given to him by the times, are so powerful in themselves that they needed no more than an accurate observer, an honest craftsman—which Solzhenitsyn certainly is. When, however, he turns to more introspective material, as in his personal sketches published last year in *Encounter*, one is immediately conscious of a commonplace, and rigid, sensibility. The cases of Aksenev, Okudzawa, and Dudintsev are not quite as clear-cut, but reading them, too, one becomes

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aware as much of their internal inhibitions as of the severe limits to acceptable Soviet writing during the thaw.

However, the full extent to which even the most liberated Soviet novelists operate under the dead hand of the Stalinist past—and the high price they must pay in terms of the limitations imposed upon their creative capabilities—is seen perhaps most clearly in the case of those novelists whose alienation from their society seems total. I am referring to the small group of writers whose sense of mission is so intense that, unable to publish at home, they smuggle their work abroad—including the recently-imprisoned Andrei Sinyavsky-Tertz and Yuli Daniel-Arzhak, and also Valery Tarsis, the author of "Ward 7."

WHAT distinguishes these men is their determination to confront in their writings the major problems besetting Soviet society, paired with the recognition that they can do so only by resorting to unconventional literary idioms capable of reflecting the disjointed character of their time. (I shall limit myself in what follows to the work of Sinyavsky-Tertz, but my comments—particularly as they concern the "new style" and its implications—apply, with modifications, to Daniel as well. Tarsis shares their political convictions completely, and their artistic orientation to a limited degree.)

In Sinyavsky's case, the close connection between political dissent and literary apartness was demonstrated, from the outset, by the joint Paris publication, in 1959, of the novella "The Trial Begins" and the critical essay, "On Socialist Realism"—both under the Tertz pseudonym. Then, it was the novella that caused most of the comment. For here, for the first time within the memory of our generation, could be heard the authentic, uncensored voice of the Russian intellectual—and that voice turned out to be surprisingly familiar; or so it seemed. Tertz, with his sophisticated, ironic, and self-deprecating view of personal relationships, and his high, grotesque style, was readily accepted in the West; there his intense political engagement was not only greatly admired for its courage, but also envied insofar as his targets—Stalin's camps, Russian anti-Semitism, Soviet bureaucracy—were the kind of visible, uncomplicated evils which Western society, with all its moral ambiguities, does not as a rule offer intellectual and artistic critics. Small wonder, then, that "The Trial Begins" received the lion's share of attention. In retrospect, however, the essay seems at least equally important, since it offers nothing less than a manifesto for a new Russian literature. It calls, in the most uncompromising terms, for emancipation from the "purposes" of Communism and the replacement of socialist realism by a "phantasmagoric" and "bizarre" style appropriate to the quality of life in the 20th century.

There can be little doubt that "The Trial Begins," and Tertz's subsequent stories and novels were meant to be the first specimens of this new Russian literature, or that Daniel's literary ambitions had also been defined in Tertz's essay. It is all the more ironic, then, that though "The Trial Begins" is a great work in many respects, it fails to measure up to Tertz's manifesto. For while the novella does indeed move away from Communist purposes and socialist realism, it does so not by progressing toward new artistic purposes and to a new idiom of its own, but by falling back, both in conception and style, on 19th-century Russian romanticism.

As it happens, there is an extended discussion of that movement in "On Socialist Realism," and the similarity between its governing themes, as seen by Tertz, and those which govern his own novels is striking indeed. According to Tertz, 19th-century Russian romanticism is dominated by the dilemma of the "superfluous" man, the intellectual who feels compelled by the absurdities and injustices of his age to search for a higher "Purpose" but is prevented from finding it by the stultifying effects of those very absurdities and injustices upon his own character. Writes Tertz:

> For all his generous purposes, he [the superfluous man] is unable to find a destiny and he presents a lamentable example of . . . purposelessness. He is as a rule a reflective character with tendencies to self-analysis and self-flagellation. His life is full of unrealized projects, and his fate is sad and slightly ridiculous. A woman usually plays a fatal part in it.

The part played by the heroine—one for which she is qualified by a "beautiful, magical, mysterious and not too concrete nature . . . is to serve as a substitute for the absent and desired Purpose." Tertz concludes that "Russian literature is full of stories in which an inadequate man and a beautiful woman meet and part without having achieved anything." Precisely. And at bottom, Tertz's own novels are just such 19th-century stories, presenting in symbolic form the enduring plight of the Russian artist and intellectual who is unwilling to accept the purpose imposed upon him by the state and yet rendered incapable of realizing (and frequently of conceiving) his own purposes.

What, after all, is Karlinsky, the major figure in "The Trial Begins," but a man unable to find his destiny? Continually thwarted by an all-powerful, mean, and stupid authority, he finds that his intelligence, generosity, and wit only serve to bring home to him all the more poignantly his impotence—symbolized by his failure to satisfy either the beautiful Marina (a very obvious *ersatz* purpose) or himself; in the end he inadvertently contributes to sending a child to a labor camp.

And what is Lenny Makepeace, the hero of Tertz's latest book, but another superfluous man who, though magically endowed with power, fails

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to use it properly because he finds himself in an impasse where everything—Soviet society at large, the common people, his own nature—conspires against his discovering that new purpose which alone would permit him to enter into a saving communion with his people and his beautiful, mystical wife?*

THE STYLE and the language of Tertz's novel belong no less to the 19th century than do his themes. Distinctive as is his "phantasmagoric" and "bizarre" style (and the similar style of Daniel) amid the flat conformity of socialist realism, it is hardly a literary departure on the scale of Joyce, say, or Rimbaud; it falls back, rather, on Gogol and the German E. T. A. Hoffman, whom Tertz invokes at the very conclusion of his essay.

In the end, what is most significant about this school—for all the brilliance of individual works—is precisely the discrepancy between intention and achievement, between the optimistic program of Tertz's manifesto and the unmistakable message of artistic impasse conveyed in his novels and stories. To be sure, the break with the oppressive present is accomplished, but only by way of regression—and that is a very high price to pay for independence.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Sinyavsky-Tertz and his friends paid the penalty for what turned out to be the impossible task of directly engaging the realities of Soviet politics in the old tradition of "civic literature—i.e., in works that proclaimed, in however disguised a form, the indivisibility of politics and art and the political "mission" of the intellectual. Unfortunately, the Communist state has even stronger means at its disposal than Czarist Russia had to frustrate such autonomous purposes for a long, long time to come; as a result, writers like Sinyavsky and Daniel run not only the risk of prison and exile, but the more lasting danger of coming to see themselves, in their everlasting frustration, as "superfluous" men out of Gogol and Tertz.

UNDER the circumstances, it is not surprising that the writers who have best succeeded in freeing themselves are a few "pure" poets. Poetry generally depends to a greater degree than prose does on fresh language and new concepts: hence its irrepressible tendency—a tendency which Erich Auerbach has called the essence of literary progress—to slough off conventional responses and incorporate new realities. "In the Russian language," according to Wladimir Weidlé, "words seek to express not so much factual relations as the speaker's intention; they are oftener symbols than signals"; there is thus a natural correspondence between a poetic idiom and the Russian language itself which helps to explain why Russian verse in the post-revolutionary period has been more highly developed and innovative than Russian prose. There is also something of a Soviet tradition, going back to Mayakowsky, which, with notable exceptions, tends to give poets somewhat more latitude than writers of prose. But whatever the explanation, it is evident that a few Russian poets today enjoy greater freedom—above all, greater inner freedom—than other intellectuals.

Two of these poets are Andrei Voznesensky and Iosif Brodsky (who is not represented in any of the recent anthologies). In his politics, Voznesensky has styled himself after Mayakowsky; though not a member of the Communist party, he wishes to purify and rejuvenate Communism, while (unlike his contemporary Yevtushenko) keeping his lyrical poems free of a political slant. In contrast to Voznesensky, Iosif Brodsky is a loner. His poetry is so apolitical as to be almost totally devoid of even topical allusions; however, he was exiled to Siberia not long ago for having no profession other than writing poetry.

The idiom and vision of these poets are radically different from anything else to be found in Russian culture today. Their language is, above all, wilfully difficult, not to say hermetic. Voznesensky constantly changes rhythms and meters, and makes generous use of alliteration, sound associations, and assonances in heavily accented broken lines, while almost all of Brodsky's poems might be said to consist of the "broken strings of images" so cherished by Russian Imagists in the 1920's.

To be sure, a great many of the techniques employed—unexpected associations and contexts, concatenations of strange similes, omission of links between metaphors—date back to the 1920's. But if the poets of that generation defined their aim as "making it strange," those of today could more properly be said to be making their poetry "alienated." Here lies the difference between the two generations. The older one devised its innovations to keep abreast of what it took to be the current of history. For this reason the originality of its poetry is in the imagery rather than in substantive conception. The contemporary poets, on the other hand, must break with their times in order to express themselves; therefore the technical aspect of their innovations must be sustained by a genuinely distinctive vision.

In the case of Voznesensky, this quest for uniqueness originally involved an exploration of the self abstracted from society. Perhaps the most famous example of this early style is his "Parabolic Ballad":

There was a girl who lived in my neighborhood.
We went to one school, took exams together.
But I took off with a bang,
I went sizzling

*If I focus more on Tertz's treatment of the intellectual's dilemma than on his indictment of the Soviet system, it is because the latter is really incidental to the former. Indeed, in *The Makepeace Experiment* Tertz treats autocracy pretty much as a "given" of the Russian situation, with little change from the Czars to Stalin to savior Lenny

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Through the prosperous double-faced doors of Tiflis.
Forgive me for this idiotic parabola
Cold shoulders in a pitch-dark vestibule.

More recently Voznesensky has moved on to broader topics. In his long surrealistic poem, "Oza," he weaves together a number of 20th-century leitmotifs into a strange cacophonic symphony. His themes include the reversibility of time, the interchangeability of space, the meaning of technology for our age, the relevance of man to this world.

It is in Brodsky's poetry, however, that we encounter the most radical departure from Soviet norms: a poet in the grip of a metaphysical vision. In his great "Elegy for John Donne," Brodsky boldly describes the relationship between the 17th-century poet and his universe. He starts with an extremely long and almost hypnotic evocation of a primeval sleep descended on the English countryside:*

John Donne has sunk in sleep . . . All things beside are sleeping too: walls, bed, and floor—all sleep. The table, pictures, carpets, hooks and bolts,

• • •

This Island sleeps embraced by lonely dreams and every garden is now triple-barred.

• • •

The Hell-fires sleep, and glorious Paradise
No one goeth forth from home at this dark hour.
Even God has gone to sleep. Earth is estranged.

Then he addresses the soul of John Donne:

And thou didst soar past God, and then drop back,
for this harsh burden would not let thee rise
to that high vantage point from which this world
seems naught but ribboned rivers and tall towers—
that point from which, to him who downward stares,
this dread Last Judgment seems no longer dread.
The radiance of that country does not fade.
From thence our Lord is but a light that gleams
through fog, in window of the farthest house.

And the poem ends:

Sleep, John Donne, sleep. Sleep soundly, do not fret thy soul. As for thy coat, 'tis torn; all limp it hangs. But see, there from the clouds will shine the star that makes thy world endure till now.

Even from a reading of the English translation one is aware of being in the presence of a major statement which in its splendor and autonomy soars far above the flat rationalizations and "scientific" ideologies from which it has risen. It is a declaration of inner freedom so absolute that it has no need to assert revolt. Recognizing that Brodsky cannot be seduced, intimidated, hobbled, or driven into safe pastures, the courts have banished him into exile. Russia's greatness went with him.

WHAT OF THE future? It seems safe to assume that the Russian poet-leader is a thing of the past. Stalin dealt him a mortal blow and his successors have so restructured the Russian political and intellectual environment that, as proved by the Tertz case, a revival is practically ruled out for the foreseeable future. Moreover, this figure is perhaps an anachronism today; only in an illiterate country could men of letters lay claim to leadership on the strength of education and articulateness alone. In a modern, literate Soviet Union, the various interest groups (the armed forces, the managers, the skilled workers) bring to the fore their own spokesmen and lobbyists who represent them and who bargain on their behalf within the structure of the Communist party.

Thus it would seem that two possibilities are open to today's Soviet writers. One is to modify their ambitions and scale down their claims to political leadership to the point where they become spokesmen only for those who are still outside the political process—except as victims: the peasants, the religious masses, the students, the unskilled, the untrained. A literature produced out of such an ambition, provided it kept to modest factual exposés and descriptions rather than to political programs, might well be tolerated as a safety-valve, or even as an accurate indicator of trouble spots in the society. Since both liberals of Yevtushenko's stamp and the oppositionists of Solzhenitsyn's school are drifting toward some such position, it seem evident that a very considerable number of talents can find a home there. Given sufficient time and latitude, a craftsmanlike literature of considerable force might well emerge under the wing of official tolerance.

The other possibility seems to be to divorce art from politics altogether—and much as one may regret the passing of a great literary tradition, there is a still tentative but unmistakable movement among the Russian intelligentsia to liberate all art forms from the domination of politics and to establish artistic disciplines which follow their own autonomous laws of development. We have seen this tendency at work, defensively and weakly, in the short story; one may add that it is also operating in such diverse fields as science fiction and abstract sculpture. Above all, it has already found unexpected fruition in a number of great poems. No one can predict its future; too many unforeseeable elements of political circumstance and personal fate may cut it off. All an outsider can do is hope for the best and salute the few brave spirits who, hemmed-in on all sides, have found within themselves and within their society the resources to create great and independent works of art.

*Translated by George L. Klein, *The Tri-Quarterly*, Spring 1965.

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DEIRDRE LEVINSON

CROUCH

A Story

AMONG THE letters Joel Bialystock found on his desk at the university* that Monday morning was a circular announcing a pay-raise, as follows:

From the University Council, University Offices
Lecturers (all races): salary increase X£150 p.a. X£50 p.a.

Joel, who was a lecturer and a white one, responded to this information merely by scoring a heavy line under "whites only." He evinced no satisfaction at his own liberal increase in salary, and felt none. His study, which he shared with Negraponti, lecturer in Italian, and Crouch, the only non-white junior lecturer in the university, was at that hour solely his domain. Noises through the wall to the left indicated that Swannepoel was in occupation, and through the wall to the right that one of its two inmates was likewise. Joel, inclining his ear to the right and ascertaining that it was Dorffman, shouted "Dave!" peremptorily through the wall. Dorffman, junior lecturer with Crouch in Joel's department, appeared immediately—chubby, sociable and truculent—saying, "You're going to enter that hundred-and-fifty on your tax returns as unearned income, I hope."

Joel said, "I'm tabling a motion about this scum for the Faculty Meeting on Friday."

"What scum?"

Joel stuck his index finger on the scored line.

"Oh," Dorffman exhibited mild surprise, "I didn't notice."

"It'll comprise a demand for a circularized apology from Council for the insult to every member of Faculty, and reimbursement pronto for any junior lecturer victimized by the discriminatory clause," Joel said briskly. "I have to have two seconders."

"I'll second," Dorffman volunteered at once, "God knows, Crouch deserves a raise."

"It isn't *Crouch* I'm lobbying for," Joel snapped, "he'd never make a murmur himself."

"He's a sensible lad," Dorffman asserted emphatically.

"A sensible sycophant," Joel corrected him with venom. "I'll get Negraponti as the other seconder." He seized his books, "That's my class screaming downstairs," and ran.

Negraponti had fully assimilated the contents of the circular, and accurately anticipated Joel's reaction before they met that morning. He said, before Joel had had time to emit one righteous curse, "This is a government bonus, comrade. It is not in the gift of the University Council."

The devotion which Joel stealthily extended to Negraponti—otherwise exclusively the preserve of persons unambiguously committed to the revolution—had its source in their initial encounter two years earlier when, on his first day at the university, halfway across the threshhold of the study assigned to him, he had been stayed by sounds of groaning within.

"I was indulging in unquiet reminiscence," the fat, sandy, stricken occupant explained apologetically, "excuse me." Then he rose and took Joel's hand. "Negraponti," he introduced himself, "welcome!" and he scrutinized his co-tenant through slits of eyes so tortured that Joel warmed to him immediately. "You extraordinarily resemble my daddy," he said, still holding Joel's hand, "an exceedingly cruel man."

"You don't resemble mine," Joel withdrew his hand, "an exceedingly kind man."

"He is a great hero nevertheless," Negraponti assured Joel. "I respect his courage and his honesty. Politically he is a great man. The Fascists stripped him of everything, but bent him never. I despise him however as a human being."

"Why?" Joel asked, momentarily shelving his newly-acquired dogma that as politics is the principal business of man, so the political being effectively characterizes the whole being.

"Because he despises me. He despises me as a poet and as a man. He has persecuted me since birth. In the war, you know, we had nothing, no shoes. My daddy sent me to school in my mother's shoes. They had high heels—not *so* high," he qualified with a regard for justice that Joel was later to recognize as organic, "but high."

"But once you were in the street, out of sight, why didn't you take them off?"

"I was not that sort of boy. I dared not. Besides, it is because of those shoes that I am a poet." The slits beneath his eyebrows suddenly opened. The eyes were amazing—great hazel torches, and his

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*In South Africa—ED.

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whole lifetime was in them. His face now appeared very formidable. "And yours? You say yours is an exceedingly kind man."

"He never ate me," Joel answered with difficulty. "He's innocent," he heard himself say, and was startled by the discovery of a truth simultaneously with its utterance. This, too, Joel was subsequently to note as characteristic of Negraponti—to elicit the accurate response, with the peculiar lightness of heart that wontedly accompanies it—his chief gift, born of his chief and abiding virtue of attention.

JOEL CRUMPLED the offending circular. "This comes to us from Council though," he said in answer to Negraponti. "Six months ago we were circularized by them with a fulsome protest against any racial discrimination imposed on the university by the government. Don't imagine that I'm suggesting we tell the government they can keep their pay-raise. All I'm maintaining is that Council should have protested automatically, and independently equalized the raise for all junior lecturers."

"Poor Crouch," Negraponti sighed.

"It's got nothing to do with Crouch," Joel's voice rose in irritation, "it doesn't matter if there isn't a solitary non-white teacher in the university, they've no business to let it pass."

"Here he will never be upgraded," Negraponti continued reflectively. "He refused the offer of a Chair at the Coloured university, did you know that?"

"Even Crouch has his pride," Joel replied with deliberate intent to castigate Negraponti for his implicit commendation with his own contempt for the colleague in question. For in mutely rejecting identification with the non-white cause, in tacitly denying his oppression, Crouch—as a black man in South Africa—sinned irredeemably in Joel's sight, incomparably more deeply than a white man similarly indifferent to justice. "Better a little fish in a big pond. . . . Crouch cares about his academic prestige and that's all. All his expediency's concentrated in that. It's the one thing he takes seriously. There's nothing and nobody he wouldn't ditch to secure his academic rating—but his standards are the international ones."

Negraponti said mildly, "He seems to have a great loyalty to his mother. Once he said there was nothing and nobody she would not sacrifice for him. Would he ditch her, do you think?"

"He shares his mother's single-mindedness," Joel replied shamelessly, invulnerable now at times to the incandescent eyes, "and the same object of idolatry."

At the outset of his acquaintance with Crouch, Joel, characteristically premature, had demanded his credentials. "What political organization do you belong to?"

"I've belonged to several in my time."

"And now? Where do you stand now?"

"I sit. I'm a fence-sitter."

"So you're content to be a non-citizen? You enjoy your subjection?"

"I don't go searching for it."

Joel choked. "A normally-sighted non-white doesn't have to search."

"You'd be surprised how many do."

"I'm not talking about the non-white privileged."

"They're all I know."

"There are twelve million others."

"I've no more access to them than you have."

"I have no choice. You choose to isolate yourself."

"That's right."

"Comes the revolution you and your kind'll be the first to swing."

"They'll be too busy hanging each other."

Thereafter, from Joel's point of view, there was no possibility of any exchange between them but what civility necessitated, for it was not merely irrelevant politically to consider Crouch further: the irrelevance was absolute—there was no more of Crouch to consider. What was galling, however, was that Crouch, though manifestly a scab, behaved with authority and competence in his work, and without obsequiousness in his business with his colleagues, while the luck which alone had won him preferment simultaneously abetted his desertion.

No black man in South Africa more determinedly took the malevolence of the white population for granted than did Joel. The white man was guilty until proved innocent; the black man innocent until, like Crouch, proved guilty; but where there was any promise of extended social intercourse all candidates were subject to the one touchstone. Thus Joel interrogated Negraponti, as he did Crouch, on first acquaintance. "I have arrived at my position," Negraponti replied, "I have been on a journey through the question. I will answer you in one month's time."

"Why not now?"

"If Swannepoel next door were to ask me your question, I would reply at once unhesitatingly, since I know that all he wishes to establish is that I am or am not a Communist. I understand that for you this is a question of my soul, and you will assess my total worth on the basis of my answer. Swannepoel is not similarly concerned: he would as willingly seek to trap a student as he would me. It is filling the trap, not the quality of the trapped, he is interested in." He regarded Joel with irresistibly candid and affectionate curiosity, "But perhaps it is not untimely for me to ask you so significant a question. What brings you to this country?" He added hurriedly, "I respect, of course, you understand, your formal ideological motive; but that is an effect. It is the cause I wish to discern."

"That *is* the cause." Joel's voice and face closed for the attack. But as none came, he added, "I'm

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investing. I'm under an obligation to invest. I owe a debt. I'm the man in the parable—the one with the five talents. I have to make them ten."

"And of what are these five talents constituted?" Negraponti asked with enormous interest.

"Knowledge, of a kind. Knowledge of subjection. That's my capital. That's the legacy they've left me, my tribe."

"So you invest it abroad. You make it viable. The international of subjection."

"Yes, yes, exactly." Joel was delighted.

"But this debt you owe your people, this debt of honor," Negraponti visibly strained for accuracy, "you now seek to repay it in foreign currency." His shoulders reared and he flung out his arms. "But your coin is not legal tender among them. They cannot use it."

"Oh, that's just what my father would say if he had the words," Joel grimaced with frustration and disappointment. "They're not my people unless all the others are my people too," he said flatly. "I won't live by exclusion."

"Then no people are your people," Negraponti abandoned all hope, palms up. "There is no group which will not demand your exclusive loyalty, including," he paused portentously, "the political group which you now seek to enter. Ignore that, and you will be an outsider everywhere."

"But not forever," Joel assured him with total faith. "Eventually they'll change, all of them—they'll authorize my commerce."

"And if you have children," Negraponti continued as if Joel had not spoken.

"They'll inherit my cause," Joel cut in.

"Yours *and* your daddy's," Negraponti predicted gloomily. "You will suffocate them."

IN THE MEANTIME it became evident to Joel that Negraponti's moral zeal—even though he questioned Joel's preoccupation without ever betraying a lurking prejudice behind his enlightened front—did not make its major residence in the area of the politics of revolution. This Negraponti articulated a month later.

"Regarding political commitment," he said, his eyes in slits, "I will not undertake to care more for an idea than for the persons in whose name the idea is celebrated. You call that a cliché" (the very second Joel opened his mouth to call it a cliché), "but you yourself have told me that no more than a year ago you called the class struggle a cliché. Now you understand the meaning of the words, the words live. Similarly what I say is no cliché. I will not be engaged, here or elsewhere, because I will not betray my experience. Nothing I say to you, I know that, can make my reasons valid in your sight. It will be necessary for you to go through it yourself."

"Some have, and stayed the pace."

"The question is not whether you have the endurance—I already know you have—it is whether you are fitted for it."

"I'm fitted for it," Joel stated a fact.

"You are not fitted for it," Negraponti also stated a fact. He turned his golden searchlights on Joel. "The liberatory politician—whether he loves men or hates them is of no political consequence—must know in his head and in his blood that the capacity of all groups for depravity and excellence is identical. You think you know this. You do not know it. It should be painful for you that the comrades of the revolution—excepting two, three whites—must inevitably here be blacks only. Nevertheless you prefer it. You declare war on exclusiveness. Hee-hee-hee-hee." He laughed in the ridiculous way he had, suddenly, as if electrified with intemperate glee—a sound-effect of his which, whatever the cause, never failed to send Joel into deafening convulsions. The fit ceased, also characteristically, as suddenly as it had begun. "The emotion which animates your fraternal service, however, is exclusive in character. You have no detachment." He paused minutely. "What is detachment? Detachment is an experience such as the Ancient Mariner's when he blessed the watersnakes and the albatross fell from his neck. Here is a concrete symbol of detachment."

"I'll bless *our* snakes," Joel retorted, "when we've drawn their fangs. Not before."

He felt obliged to conclude that in the final analysis—the only analysis—Negraponti was potentially as much his enemy as Swannepoel or Crouch. But it was only after he had repeatedly caught himself out saving up, on his long, solitary evenings, points of discussion to share with Negraponti, when it first occurred to him that not only was he happier in Negraponti's company than anyone else's in South Africa, but that Negraponti's was indeed the only company there that he was happy in, that Joel sought to take precautions. So from time to time, to quell the unease that grew with his growing friendship with Negraponti, he would voluntarily represent him to his political confrères as an inconsequential acquaintance. Then he came to represent Negraponti to himself as an incidental pleasure only, and was pleased to believe it. In this way he blinded himself to his increasing dependence on Negraponti for the nourishment he received from no one else, yet continued daily to receive that nourishment.

THE DAY following the circularized announcement of the pay-raise, Joel submitted his motion, dutifully seconded by Dorffman and Negraponti, to the Faculty Chairman; then he went campaigning for votes, beginning maliciously with Crouch. "With a resolution like that on the table," Crouch assured Joel pleasantly, "I'll certainly be there." But before the meeting on Friday, Council, tipped off by the Faculty Chairman, had hurriedly arranged for an increase in salary in accordance with his status to be paid to Crouch independently from university funds. "But that isn't the point," Joel protested, furiously amending his motion at the

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meeting. "Council receives and circulates a discriminatory announcement without raising a murmur. It is quite evident that for all their intermittent expressions of outrage, Council is entirely unreliable."

Swannepoel jumped to his feet shouting, "Why this incongruous concern from Mr. Bialystock? When has he ever identified himself with us in our public condemnation of universities *apartheid*? Has he ever appeared in our processions? Has he ever signed his name on our list of signatories in statements to the press? I myself have implored him, but he invariably adamantly refuses. Why is he embarrassing himself in this way? There is not only no valid purpose in *anyone's* raising a matter already satisfactorily concluded, there is more significantly no validity whatever in Mr. Bialystock—of all people—raising it."

Joel replied that he found it morally indefensible to associate himself with righteous indignation, devoid of active intent, on isolated issues affecting a bare handful of privileged non-whites, while the twelve million perished. "I am questioning only the logic and consistency of Council's and now Faculty's goodwill," he persisted. "The Principal has condoned, Council has connived . . ."

"Are you impugning the Principal?" Swannepoel yelled.

Joel said he was.

The Chairman abruptly suggested that Joel was making a mountain out of a molehill, and asked for a show of hands for and against the motion. The show against was overwhelming.

Joel fumed briefly, then forgot it, except to make a point of asking Crouch the following Monday why he hadn't turned up. "I hadn't time," Crouch explained, "I got married on Saturday." He made no inquiry about the upshot: discretion was Crouch's major social virtue. The next day his classes were cancelled, and all that week, and the next. He was in the hospital, it was said, with a stomach ulcer. For six weeks, Crouch was absent. Joel didn't see him the day he returned, but general consternation reached him, first from Dorffman. "Crouch must have lost fifty pounds. He has to keep his hands in his pockets to hold his trousers up."

"Crouch is not fit to be working," Negraponti said. "He is too excessively conscientious."

Joel, bumping into Crouch in the corridor the next day, greeted him with horror, for he saw immediately that he was dying.

"The hospital discharged me a week ago," Crouch, unutterably ill and miserable, said as they entered their study together. "They couldn't find anything wrong. I throw up whatever I eat. In the hospital I had a stomach-drip." He added wryly, "My wife's not having much of a married life. It was only three days after our wedding that I collapsed."

"You shouldn't be at work," Joel said helplessly, staring out of the window, not daring to look at Crouch for fear of what Crouch might see in his face.

"If I stay in bed any longer," Crouch replied, "I feel I'll rot away altogether." Then he said in a mumble, "I think what I need is a head-shrinker."

"You know Pitt?" Pitt was the only other revolutionary in Faculty, on which account, though his professional work was hailed with honor overseas, the Chair in Psychology was held by a lesser man. "He's reliable. I'll introduce you now, if you like." Crouch was pathetically eager. They walked across to the Psychology block at a snail's pace: Crouch seemed to have gone lame too. Joel left him to Pitt.

"Crouch is dying," he told Dorffman.

"He'll live," Dorffman pooh-poohed the alarm, "he's tough."

"That boy's dying," he told Negraponti.

"Not so dramatic," Negraponti replied. "I saw worse, far worse, in Italy in the war, and they survived."

That evening Joel walked over to Pitt's house. The old man was huddled in an armchair in front of his gramaphone, delicate and rapt. Joel waited half-an-hour for the finale. "Do you think it *is* psychological, with Crouch?"

"Without a doubt," Pitt replied in his mild, authoritative way. "I'm seeing him again tomorrow." But Crouch did not appear the next day, nor the day after. On the Saturday he died, of cancer of the stomach.

JOEL DID NOT attend the funeral, nor did it remotely occur to him to do so. He was reading the newspaper, sitting with his back to the door, feet on the window-sill, when Negraponti entered that Monday afternoon. "Listen to this," Joel said without turning round, "the government-elected chiefs are being given official license to murder rebellious peasants."

"I have just attended Crouch's funeral," Negraponti said in a strained voice, "I wished to pay some respect."

Joel met the implicit censure by mingling curiosity with aggression in equal measure. "But why did you respect Crouch?" He swung round to look at Negraponti.

"Because he was worthy of it." Negraponti's voice shook so violently that Joel, completely taken aback, put down his newspaper. "Crouch had as much dignity and honor at least as many of your political comrades you admire so greatly."

As alarm and indignation now superseded his astonishment, Joel armed himself with all speed from his abundant resources of scorn. "But what signs of Crouch's alleged dignity and honor ever appeared? What has Crouch ever done, what ideas has he ever uttered that merited respect?"

"My God," Negraponti said, then his wrath died. "Sometimes," he replied with a cold disgust that was unnatural to him and that, like

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his anger, Joel had never seen in him till now, "you are contemptible."

Joel couldn't bear it. He changed his tack. "Listen," he appealed to Negraponti now from the heart of his conviction, "Crouch didn't give a damn for anyone, including ultimately himself. It's that last I despise him for. He never gave a damn for his own liberty. What dignity are you talking about? The man was a voluntary slave. He'd tolerate every law designed to degrade him, every discriminatory measure outside and inside the university, for the sake of—not even his academic security—he never had any academic security—for nothing, he'd tolerate it for nothing. Crouch earmarked himself. You know the way the Hebrews used to mark those slaves who voluntarily opted for slavery?" Negraponti normally delighted in such allusions: Joel proceeded to woo him with chapter and verse: " 'Take an awl, and thrust it through his ear unto the door, and he shall be thy servant for ever.' "

But Negraponti responded adversely, "You need a very big political mouthful to chew, nothing else. This is *your* prestige, as you say Crouch's was the big academic pond."

"There's a world of difference." Joel was sick now because it had always hitherto seemed to him that Negraponti was with him in his heart, that indeed he had often defended Joel's allegiance better than Joel could himself. "Politics is inclusive." His voice rose against the injustice. "There are twelve million people. . . ."

"The twelve million, the twelve million," Negraponti, unprecedentedly for him, shouted Joel down. "How many millions of these twelve holy millions in whose name you damn Crouch . . .?" With both palms he made the gesture of an excruciated conductor silencing his orchestra. "There is nothing you vitally understand though you are concerned totally, I know that, with vital issues. You know nothing."

"No!" Joel cried, and though Negraponti had a knack of pulling the words for him from his close-fisted center, this time they came without his aid. "I know one thing. There are things I think I know, but this I know I know. There's no plight as intolerable as subjection. I swear I'll have this in me till I die. There's no torture, no disgrace, nothing like that disgrace. Crouch wouldn't look. He was in the middle of it and he wouldn't reply to it. He went to his deathbed with nothing. If you *accept* your inferiority you're living the life of a beast."

"More bestial than the life of the oppressor?"

"O yes, much more, much more."

"Tell me," Negraponti asked with interest but still without warmth, "when you saw that Crouch was dying—only you saw that—of what significance was it, the fact of his dying?"

"To me?" Joel shrugged. "None. It couldn't diminish me." Then he saw Negraponti's face. "Crouch was a traitor!" he roared in panic, "I can't afford your eclectic humanity. When I've defeated my enemy I'll acknowledge it then, but not while he's got his foot on my *neck*." He shut his eyes tight against an unexcised or unexcisable image in his mind. "I don't *enjoy* taking sides," he mumbled, "I have to take sides and therefore have to exclude."

"Do not suggest," Negraponti replied evenly, "that you are thereby making a *sacrifice*, for in respect of your not *enjoying* taking sides, you enjoy it too much. I have noted with what pleasure and vitality you go forth to meet your enemy. But your battle is without honor. Your enemy wears a dog's face. You must always degrade him before you kill him."

"*I* degrade *him*?" Joel stared at Negraponti, outrage momentarily displacing the misery of defeat and rejection that assailed him. "What do you want? A pious acknowledgement of our enemy's participation in human existence while he pulls down our pants and grins and shoots us in the back? A farewell tribute to the butcher's humanity from the cattle in the slaughterhouse?"

"We are not concerned with the doings of your *enemies*," Negraponti roared above Joel, but dropped his voice instantly. "I am not questioning the necessity for taking sides. I perfectly understand that you must. It seems that you are not clear, however, whose side you are on or which is your enemy—the man with the neck or the man with the foot, the men who are cattle or the men who are butchers. If you are angry with your daddy you should let it stick with him, not fix it on anyone, anything else."

"I don't do that," Joel whispered, feeling suddenly bent double.

Negraponti didn't look at him. "It was also myself I was speaking of," he said humbly. Then he moved purposefully to the door. "I prefer," he said with shy formality, "not to discuss with you again." Joel recovered sufficiently to incline his head slightly in mockery as Negraponti left the room. For a stricken moment the loss was piercing, and he was simultaneously aware of a multiplication of loss behind that one, so that his isolation swathed him like an ice-pack from head to toe. But it was only for a moment, before he consigned Negraponti with the rest to outer darkness. Some distress nevertheless persisted, and grew with his persisting unwillingness to diagnose its cause.

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ROBERT LEKACHMAN

THE AUTOMATION REPORT

As a public document, the Report of the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress possesses rare virtue. The search for consensus by distinguished academics like Daniel Bell and Robert Solow, labor leaders like Walter Reuther and Joseph Bierne, and businessmen like Philip Sporn and Thomas J. Watson, Jr. has not been permitted to blunt an unusually vigorous intellectual thrust toward sharp diagnosis and effective remedy.

In order to appreciate the full value of the Report, it is wise to recall something of the context in which the Commission began its short life. The Commission was the federal government's response to the general sense of uneasiness and apprehension which has accompanied the rapid introduction into factories and offices of the computers and automatic control devices usually grouped together under the name of automation. At about the same time as the members of the group received their Presidential appointments (December 1964), the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution issued its apocalyptic diagnosis of a forthcoming condition in which much or most work (as work is currently defined) would be rendered otiose by the new computer technology. The portion of the Ad Hoc Committee's recommendations which received the most public attention was a guaranteed minimum income payable to all members of the population either unemployed, unemployable, or earning sums below a decent minimum. Closely related to this proposal was an extreme position in the argument that has been raging for some years among economists, sociologists, and public officials—a controversy over the actual rate at which technological change has been occurring and the actual numbers of men and women who either have already been displaced by automation or are likely in the near future to be displaced.

In the sluggish economy of the 1950's, attempts at explaining American rates of unemployment—rates which were uniquely high for that decade among industrial nations—focused upon either structural deficiencies in our national arrangements, or deficiencies in aggregate demand caused by the fiscal and monetary primitivism of an unenlightened national administration. The structuralists tended to argue that the pace of technological change had indeed accelerated and that one of the consequences of the acceleration was the permanent displacement of those individuals who possessed no readily transferable skills, particularly blue-collar workers. If this were true, it followed that simply stimulating the economy was no adequate remedy for the situation of workers who lacked education, skill, or aptitude for the new jobs being created by the new technology: extensive programs of reeducation and retraining were necessary. Conservative structuralists hoped that such programs would take care of most of the new unemployed; extreme structuralists more pessimistically postulated a large number of the permanently displaced.

For its part, the aggregate-demand school argued that the pace of technical change in the 1950's was perfectly consistent with the statistical trend of the past half century, and that unemployment was largely a consequence not of automation but of the defective fiscal and monetary policies of the Eisenhower administration. It followed from this diagnosis that the remedy lay in policies of the variety by now banal among economists brought up on Keynes—stimulation of the economy either by a substantial increase in public spending or by a sharp tax reduction. Indeed, insofar as the 1960 Presidential campaign developed a substantial issue between Nixon and Kennedy, it turned on the question of whether or not two Republican administrations had been culpable in permitting the United States to finish next to last (ahead only of Great Britain) in the international growth sweepstakes. Reinforcing the Democratic position was the fact that the year of John Kennedy's inauguration was part of the *third* recession the United States had experienced in less than eight years—a record equaled by no other country.

At least in his first year as President, it was the structuralist rather than the aggregate-demand approach which exerted a greater appeal on Kennedy as a way of dealing with our lagging economy. In part, this preference was shaped by a

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difficult balance-of-payments situation, and in part by the genuine fiscal conservatism of a politician with direct experience of a New England economy whose ailments seemed mostly structural. No doubt the politics of the Eisenhower aftermath also implied a structuralist program, for eight years of Eisenhower timidity, caution, and emphasis upon the heroic qualities of budget-balancing made it difficult to persuade Congress that either large spending programs or substantial tax cuts were advantageous. For reasons of this sort, what the President asked of Congress in 1961 was mostly a series of rather inexpensive measures designed to effect at least a marginal improvement in the situation of particular groups and localities. Congress had made several feints at the issue before, but it was only in 1961 that it finally passed the Area Redevelopment Act. A ragbag of policies, including a small retraining program, the measure was soon converted into another pork-barrel, open to Congressional raiding even for the benefit of districts not very depressed. In 1961, too, the Manpower Retraining and Development Act was passed. This bill was also based on the structuralist premise that long-term unemployment was caused above all by the deficiencies of skill, education, and motivation of the unemployed themselves. Indeed, Kennedy's single deliberate concession to the aggregate-demand school was the investment tax credit (the first of several tax benefits offered by Kennedy and Johnson). In effect, this tax credit amounted to a 7 per cent reduction in the price of all the machines, tools, equipment, and factory structures which business decided to purchase. In Keynesian theory, a stimulant to investment is twice blessed, since it increases national income immediately by the amount of the new investment and, through the "multiplier" impact of the investment, also enlarges personal income and personal consumption by a still greater amount. Such was the oddity of the political climate in 1961 that the business community had to be argued into accepting a measure so obviously beneficial to investment and profit.

THE sensible, modest, tentative initial steps toward a coherent economic policy for a changing industrial society which Kennedy sought and received from Congress were all too evidently no more than that—sensible, modest, and tentative. To be sure, the economy did begin to expand in 1961, but it was an exceedingly dilatory expansion, so majestic in its pace as to hold out very little hope of reaching the so-called interim unemployment target of 4 per cent in Kennedy's first term. In fact, it was not until the very end of 1965 that this figure—itself far from a condition of full employment—was finally recorded.

The economy's unsatisfactory response to 1961 policies combined with Walter Heller's and Paul Samuelson's patient tuition to persuade Kennedy that the time had come to try other, bolder devices. In 1962 and 1963, the choice lay between a dramatic rise in public spending on the order of $10 billion and a tax cut of the same size. The first alternative included a social bonus: an increase in the importance of the public sector. The second contained a political bonus: the support, in Congress and out, of everyone who wanted to enlarge the sphere of private choice.

Although Kennedy plumped for a major tax reduction as the centerpiece of his 1963 program, it was not until February 1964 that Congress enacted the measure. As a way of stimulating the economy, there is no question that the Tax Act of 1964 has been a success. Its effects began to be felt from the moment the proposal was introduced in January 1963, as businessmen and consumers made an upward revision in their expectations of income, sales, and profits. The economic expansion begun in 1961 and accelerated in 1963 still continues, and provides as vivid a testimonial as one could wish to the efficacy of Keynesian public finance.

Thus, we are brought to our current situation. During the year or so of the deliberations of the Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, unemployment has steadily declined. The decline—and still more the likelihood of a further drop in 1966—explains an important feature of the Report: the fact that it begins as an investigation of unemployment and ends as a major essay on social policy.

II

ONE OF THE virtues of the Report is a well-argued resolution of the automation controversy. As the Commission interprets present rates of productivity change, the United States is not trembling on the "verge of a glut of productivity sufficient to make our economic institutions and the notion of gainful employment obsolete"—the central claim of the Triple Revolutionaries. Nevertheless, "the pace of technological change has increased in recent decades, and may increase in the future, but a sharp break in the continuity of technical progress has not occurred, nor is it likely to occur in the next decade." To this conclusion is attached an important qualification. The present acceleration in annual per capita productivity gains (excluding agriculture) from 2.0 per cent before World War II to 2.5 per cent since World War II, entails a doubling of total output in 28 years instead of in 36 years as in the past. The shortened time scale, judges the Report, "is quite enough to justify the feeling of continuous change that is so much a part of the contemporary environment." And, one might add, is a political fact of considerable significance.

All the Report's predictions are for the next decade only, but it is plain that the Commission is

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skeptical about the possibility that major technological novelties (either now in development or in earlier stages of evolution) will significantly alter present rates of technical change even beyond the next decade. Studies made for the Commission indicate that, in spite of an acceleration in the rate at which novelties are diffused, it still takes some fourteen years before inventions are translated into consumer or producer goods and a further 1-15 years before as many as half of the firms in an industry emulate the innovating leader. The inference drawn is this: "It seems safe to conclude that most major technological discoveries which will have a significant economic impact within the next decade are already at least in an identifiable stage of commercial development."

On this critical issue the Commission's argument is convincing. The Report thus reinforces the confidence of most economists in the efficacy of federal stimulation of aggregate demand as the best way to reduce unemployment. Although 4 per cent is still a high rate of unemployment, it is a rate that compares favorably with the 5-7 per cent range of the 1950's and early 1960's. Moreover, unemployment in 1966 may well descend to 3 per cent—a figure which is very close to most definitions of full employment. During the last five years, "automation" has indeed displaced workers, and quite probably at the 20,000-per-week clip so often cited in alarm, but most of those displaced have secured other jobs. The Commission has a point when it says that "the basic fact is that technology eliminates jobs, not work," at least when sensible public policy directs itself to the maintenance of high levels of aggregate demand.

This out of the way, the Report turns to the issues involved in managing social and economic policy in such a manner as to make full use of gains in productivity and full provision for a decent existence for all members of the community. What the Commission recommends to start with is familiar enough to readers of Kennedy-Johnson messages to Congress and the *Economic Reports* of the Council of Economic Advisers. Above all, it is essential that budgetary and interest-rate policy be directed toward the support at high levels of the total spending of consumers, businessmen, and public bodies. In a glancing reference to current discussions, the Commission affirms its disbelief in the idea that the "toleration of unnecessary unemployment is an acceptable way to relieve inflationary pressure." In a time of incipient inflationary pressure, what is appropriate instead is an intensification of efforts to retrain displaced workers, upgrade the semi-literate, encourage the shift of workers from less productive to more productive occupations—in short, a commitment to those elements of manpower policy which have already demonstrated their worth even according to the newly-fashionable criteria of cost-benefit analysis. "Manpower policy," the Commission assures us, "is triply productive as it enriches the prospects of the disadvantaged, adds to the productive capacity of the nation, and helps relieve inflationary pressures."

As the Commission sees it, a sensible, enlightened manpower policy would facilitate desirable shifts in the occupational and the geographic job structure—movements from farms to cities, South to North, blue-collar to white-collar, production of goods to production of services. It would meet the special national obligation to diminish the dangerously high rate of unemployment among the young. It would undertake a serious national mission to tackle Negro unemployment. Here the Commission makes one projection which deserves wide attention: "If non-whites continue to hold the same proportion of jobs in each occupation as in 1964, the non-white unemployment rate in 1975 will be more than five times that for the labor force as a whole." The moral could not be plainer: ". . . non-whites must gain access to the rapidly-growing higher skilled and white-collar occupations at a faster rate than in the past eight years if their unemployment rate is to be brought down to the common level." This is possible in a buoyant economy, but only if manpower measures do their job, as an indispensable supplement to aggregate measures.

ALL THIS is forthright and convincing, but still little more than an expression of the conventional wisdom of the 1960's, a brew which even though infinitely preferable to the insipid beverages of the Eisenhower era, is still rather low-proof. But the Report does pass beyond these fiscal, monetary, and manpower recommendations in its advocacy of two major new policies. The first emerges from the recognition that there are some people whose skills and aptitudes are simply insufficient, even after training, to enable them to compete successfully in contemporary labor markets even when these markets operate within a prosperous economy. For such unfortunates, the Commission quietly proposes that the federal government turn itself into an employer of last resort. A striking set of numbers estimates the jobs which need to be filled in order to bring public services up to *present* levels of acceptable operation. Here are the Commission's estimates:

Potential Sources of New Jobs through Public Service Employment

Source of Employment	*Job Potential*
Medical institutions & health svces.	1,200,000
Educational institutions	1,100,000
National beautification	1,300,000
Welfare and home care	700,000
Public protection	350,000
Urban renewal and sanitation	650,000
Total	5,300,000

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For the most part, these are jobs which require the simplest variety of manual skill. They are the custodial, personal-service, and public-improvement jobs, the scamping of which in our society has much to do with the filth of the cities, the inhumanity of the hospitals, the limited hours during which museums are open, and the lack of amenity that characterizes our public places. There is a refreshing simplicity in the combination of unfilled national needs and unwanted human beings. With admirable aplomb, the Commission suggests an initial appropriation of $2-billion, enough to support possibly 500,000 additional full-time jobs.

There is a group still more unfortunate than the candidates for public-service employment. Of the 20 million people who in the fiscal year 1964-65 received $28 billion in welfare benefits, perhaps half subsist below the poverty line. They include the widowed, the disabled, the elderly, the totally incapacitated. For the genuinely needy, our welfare arrangements are woefully inadequate. As Nathan Glazer has recently emphasized, insofar as the assault on poverty is intended to raise incomes, it is in large part misdirected. We could drastically reduce the number of individuals who fall below the poverty line simply by reconstructing and enlarging our welfare benefits.

For some of the unemployed, there is at least the hope of a job sometimes. But consider the size of the average payment per person under the aid to dependent children program (ADC): it is $34 per month. As the Report summarizes the entire welfare situation: "Less than one-quarter of the 35 million people now living in poverty receive any type of public assistance payment and less than one-third of the 15 million children living in poverty benefit from public assistance." Such as it is, all assistance is administered under the most humiliating conditions, complete with means tests, detailed regulations, invasions of privacy, and incessant surveillance. The social workers, who in a more rational society might assist their clients, instead spend the bulk of their time checking up on them and filling out the endless forms which are the testimonials to their diligence, if not the mark of their own servitude.

To its great credit, the Commission proposes *not* a patching of the system alone but a negative income tax, whereby those whose income falls below a certain level would receive supplementary payments from the government. The tax is not designed as a substitute for all social-welfare programs—as Professor Milton Friedman, one of the tax's proponents, hopes—but as a valuable income supplement to the rehabilitation and sympathetic support of a better social-welfare program. For a mere $5-8 billion, it is possible to go 50 per cent of the way toward the elimination of poverty-level incomes. Employing existing income-tax mechanisms, it is easy to adjust rates for negative as well as positive returns. The Commission proposal is coupled with a useful note of amplification from the labor members: federal standards should be established to prevent the more ungenerous states from seizing the opportunity to reduce their already exiguous welfare payments.

For accepting unrhetorically in a matter-or-fact manner both income maintenance and expanded government employment, the Commission deserves the very highest praise. In particular, the negative income tax, promoted by this Report and aided by the unusual concurrence (for different reasons) of liberal economists like James Tobin and conservative economists like Milton Friedman, may stand a real chance of enactment within the next five or ten years, particularly if the Vietnam war contracts in scale. At the least, the Commission has set in motion two proposals which not so very long ago had a most radical aspect to them. If it helps achieve public familiarity and then public acceptance of these proposals, the Report will deserve an honorable place as an important document of American social progress.

III

After saying this much, is there any reason to do other than dismiss the members of the Commission with thanks for a job far better performed than one could reasonably have anticipated of a semi-public body representing diverse interests? The answer, I think, is yes, and I shall devote the remainder of this essay to saying why.

The Report's shortcomings are closely related to its objectives, and these in turn are *not* comprehended by the fiscal, monetary, manpower, welfare, and income-maintenance programs which I have already discussed. There is no question that a society which pursued these policies and adopted these programs would be a considerably more humane society than the United States in 1966; oddly enough, it would also be a much more efficient society. Nevertheless, the thrust of the Commission's argument stretches far beyond a mere transformation of existing economic policy and social care. In the Commission's words and italics, ". . . we are being asked, *what can our society have, how can it get what it wants*? In short, we are being asked to deal with the quality of human life in the years ahead." It is according to the adequacy of the Commission's answers to its own questions that one can appropriately evaluate its work.

The Report approaches the issue of the shape of a better society in a special manner, by asking whether any means are available to us for identifying human and community needs. To this question, the Reports returns a negative answer. We lack the rational mechanisms we require to tell us what is wrong with ourselves. Social policy is generally made "piecemeal." It is distorted by "vested interests" which often use their power to "ob-

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tain unjust shares." There are at hand "few mechanisms" of the kind which are necessary "to see the range of alternatives and thus enable us to choose with a comprehension of the consequences of our choice."

If we accept the Commission's reasoning, much of the explanation for the critical weaknesses of our social decisions is to be found in the division of economic goods between public and private production. For the latter, free markets are the means by which preference scales are organized. Where competition is even reasonably effective, producers who sense the tastes and inclinations of their customers flourish; those who do not, falter and fail. Thus the pattern of output corresponds broadly to the preferences of individual consumers. Not so with public goods. For "we cannot individually buy in the marketplace our share of unpolluted air," or, for that matter, our share of national defense or space exploration. If we limited higher education to those families able to purchase it for their children, we should frustrate the talents of many young people and deny the fruits of these talents to the community. Hence nobody would apply unqualified market tests to government output. Nevertheless, public production requires some acceptable justification, and it is a deficiency of our society that we lack "an effective social calculus to give us true valuations of the entire costs and benefits of individual and social purchases." So long as we lack the calculus, we cannot tell with any assurance just what the optimum combination of private consumption and public services is.

It is possible to quarrel with the Report's statement of the condition. As economists have known for a long time, private production often entails some unregistered costs. For example, Consolidated Edison's pollution of the metropolitan air raises expenditures for window cleaning, building rehabilitation, dry cleaning, medical attendance, and hospital care: in short, electrical energy costs more than the bill from the utility declares it does. And there are people who seriously question the efficiency of a private sector in which oligopoly, monopoly, and the conscientious distortion of consumer tastes by advertising are so prominent. To be really certain of the rational consequences of private markets, we should fragmentize giant corporations, ban advertising, and destroy trade unions—not a program for tomorrow.

However, for purposes of orderly exposition, let us accept the Commission's position and see where we are taken next. The Commission wants above all to improve the rationality of public choice and public expenditure. With that goal in mind, it makes three suggestions. The first is research into community needs: "For example, a research effort which resulted in a new, integrated concept of water supply, desalination, and waste disposal might prompt political action, just as the potential space and rocketry research resulted in the decision to embark on the man-to-the-moon project." (In America, the Commission seems to say, what *can* be done, soon gets done.) A second suggestion goes to the heart of the problem of estimating costs. "Efforts should be made to improve our capability to recognize and evaluate social costs and social benefits more adequately and to supply better information to the public and to political leaders on cost-benefit relationships." Finally, the Report, in an ominous throwback to the Eisenhower Commission on National Goals, recommends a commission "of high prestige and distinction which would engage in the study of national goals and in the evaluation of our national performance in relation to such goals."

On the issues raised by these proposals, the Report has much to say that is interesting and a good deal that is novel. Thus, in a discussion of health care, the Commission sees possibilities in automated multi-phasic screens, diagnosing the condition of hundreds of patients each hour, and in regional health computer centers capable of storing the medical histories of 12-20 million persons; it also advances more conventional proposals for expanded training of doctors, nurses, and ancillary personnel. When it approaches the massive difficulties of creating an attractive urban environment out of our traffic-dogged, dirt-covered, and slum-defaced cities, the Commission concentrates on transportation, air and water pollution, and housing. It is convinced that federal support of a "systems research program directed toward particular multistate regions" holds the largest promise of success. Since information about the causes of air and water pollution, and particularly about the costs of its control and prevention, is comparatively meager, the Commission is led to "urge an enlargement of current research," and more quickly a fee system designed to promote the construction of waste-disposal systems and the federal creation of river-basin authorities on a regional basis.

As for housing, the Commission regards it as the most recalcitrant of urban problems, the most antique in its techniques, the most afflicted by racial prejudice (both in construction and sale), and the most corrupted by special alliances (of contractors, unions, and politicians). Even more than usual, the Report relies here on federal action as the catalyst. The role of the federal government is crucial as the patron of basic research, the market for experimental housing, the standard-setter in its own housing programs, the leader in the modernization of obsolete building codes, and the natural promoter of a new industry centered upon mass-production techniques and massive urban reconstruction.

We have, says the Commission, the technology to do almost anything we collectively decide we want to do to improve the quality of our common

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environment. We simply lack the knowledge about how best to apply the technology. In social affairs, as in rocketry and military weapons systems, knowledge leads to action, even if sometimes a technology-infatuated culture does not pause to ask the consequences of the action. But just as Robert McNamara has used cost effectiveness and program budgets to rationalize the $50-60 billion which the Department of Defense annually expends, we can apply cost-benefit and systems-analysis to the programming of social spending.

As a proposition, this is exceedingly seductive. It amounts to a recipe for cool research rather than hot politics, orderly university training rather than untidy street demonstrations, and the forging of a consensus out of rational thought rather than out of conflicts of ideologies and interests. Even if the picture misrepresents reality, one would like to believe that its central premise can be turned into a creative social myth of the sort which persuades people to behave in new ways.

This is why it is a pity that so little in our recent experience or our immediate prospects lends plausibility to such a vision of orderly social change. As it happens, our technology has been quite adequate for a long time to achieve certain social goals—and without any help from systems analysis. We do not need systems analysis to send larger checks to welfare clients; nor are there any technical obstacles in the way of liberalizing training allowances, educational grants to the talented sons and daughters of poor families, and unemployment compensation payments. No advance in cost-benefit analysis is required to extend the protection of workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, and old-age benefits to migrant farm laborers. Or, to return to the shortage of health facilities: granted that computer diagnosis and sophisticated computer retrieval methods can generate vast economies in medical care, these potential gains still do not explain why in 1966 we have too few doctors. After all, we know how to train them; it is a profession endowed with high prestige: why then don't youngsters flock into medical schools, some years later to staff hospitals now largely served by foreign interns and residents? Everybody knows the familiar answers—the trade-union attitudes of the American Medical Association, the vast cost of training facilities, and the inadequate scholarship aid available for medical students. What impedes expansion is existing institutional interests and existing inequities of income distribution.

A similar observation applies to urban slums. The disgrace of their existence will persist even if building technology is modernized, craft-union sabotage defeated, and ancient building codes discarded. Given the racial prejudice which has prevented public construction of low-income housing in the suburbs and which has confined growing numbers of Negroes and Puerto Ricans to central city ghettos, not even six thousand computers deployed in serried array can bring decent housing to minorities.

What these comments imply about the Commission's approach to social change is simple enough. Change takes place either when the interests of politically potent groups are allied to change, or when such groups accept change in preference to riot and revolt. In the 1960's, the triumph of Keynesian public finance was the consequence of the belated perception by a not-very-bright business community of the benefits that government-supported prosperity offered the businessman in his search for sales and profits. Support for federal aid to higher education grew with the ascent of college tuition charges. The conservative middle classes saw their interest in higher quality education only when its costs hit them personally.

Thus, it is quite possible that in the next decade there will be general public support for federal auto-safety standards, meaningful control of pesticides, and genuine assaults upon water and air pollution. These are environmental hazards which afflict everybody. It is here, no doubt, that systems analysis, computer science, and cost-benefit analysis stand their best chance of influencing events. But it should be plain that not all the measures which the Commission supports coincide so obviously with the interests of the large prosperous majority of Americans whose incomes place them far above the poverty line and whose skin color protects them against the continuing discriminations which their less fortunately pigmented fellow-citizens continue to encounter.

THE MOST massive evidence of the familiar human reluctance to set the public good above personal advantage is the obvious national preference in 1963, 1964, and 1965 for general tax reductions over larger social-welfare expenditures. In the last five years, federal taxes have been slashed something like $20 billion. This sum, available each year, could easily have paid for the $2 billion public-employment program the Commission recommends, and a generous negative income tax into the bargain. The tax-cut choice had very little to do with social valuations and a great deal to do with the political force and influence of the businessmen and middle and upper-income families—who derived the bulk of the gains—as against the relative lack of such force and influence among the poor and the unemployed—who benefited only slightly from the successive tax slashes.

The remedies of poverty, like its causes, are in substantial degree political and not technical. Public transportation is more likely to become available in Watts because of last year's riots than because of the generalized good will—a chancy

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emotion—of more affluent Californians. Negro schools in the South will be integrated more rapidly as Negroes become a political force to be reckoned with. As Saul Alinsky has repeatedly demonstrated, militancy on the part of the poor improves garbage collection, housing inspection, school services, even police manners. It is no accident that the Community Action Program of the War on Poverty has run into so much trouble. The dimmest mayor realizes that when the poor organize they are bound to ask for a great many inconvenient things.

It does not detract from the general intellectual value of systems and cost-benefit analysis to point out that political pressures and political choices will determine the sphere of application of the techniques. Indeed, even when these instruments of rational choice are employed, we should be wary of the results. Cost-benefit anaylsis can help compare the relative virtues of various job-training programs, various approaches to pollution control, or even various ways of expanding the supply of low-cost housing. But cost-benefit analysis is most unlikely to demonstrate persuasively that it is better to raise taxes than to reduce social-welfare expenditures (one of 1966's possible issues), and it is even less likely to explain just how to distribute the pains of tax increases or the pleasures of tax cuts. One wonders just how useful to Mayor Lindsay a cost-benefit analysis of commuter payments and receipts would be. Would the triumphant conclusion that the commuters are paying less than their fair share toward city services (which everybody knows anyway) really persuade them to accept a city income tax with good grace? It is not cynical to conclude that they would continue to resist such a tax to the full extent of their political power and personal influence.

Thus at its center, the Report is flawed. Implicitly, its authors assume a basic harmony of interests among the major orders of American society. We know that this harmony has severe limits which are defined by self- and group-interest. The Report evinces a lingering confidence in the appeal to authority, here personified by "some national body of distinguished private citizens representing diverse interests and constituencies and devoted to a continuing discussion of national goals." From such a body, the Commission expects a "monitoring" of social change, an identification of "possible social trends," and a suggestion of "policy alternatives to deal with them." What it is likely to receive are either the windy platitudes of Eisenhower study groups or a series of minority reports.

Worst of all is the Commission's excessive dependence upon technique and method as the solvents of social change. Here, it seems to me, the Commission has things the wrong way around: it is not so much that social needs can be fulfilled when the technical prerequisites to their fulfillment are present; it is rather that urgently-enough felt social needs will produce the technical tools required to relieve them. This is the lesson of military technology. The commitment to social change precedes the methods by which change can be rationally evaluated; it does not follow them.

IN SUM, this Report deserves general gratitude and respect for what it has recommended and for the platitudes it has refrained from emitting. One hopes that it will be widely read and discussed. Its very merits entitle it to criticism for its neglect of the politics of social change, and for the optimism which leads to the hope that important social changes can be the result of amicable discussion and intelligent measurement. Even in America, even in the 1960's, significant alteration in the way we conduct our lives seems mainly to come about through social and political conflict, extra-legal action, riots in the streets, and the death of martyrs.

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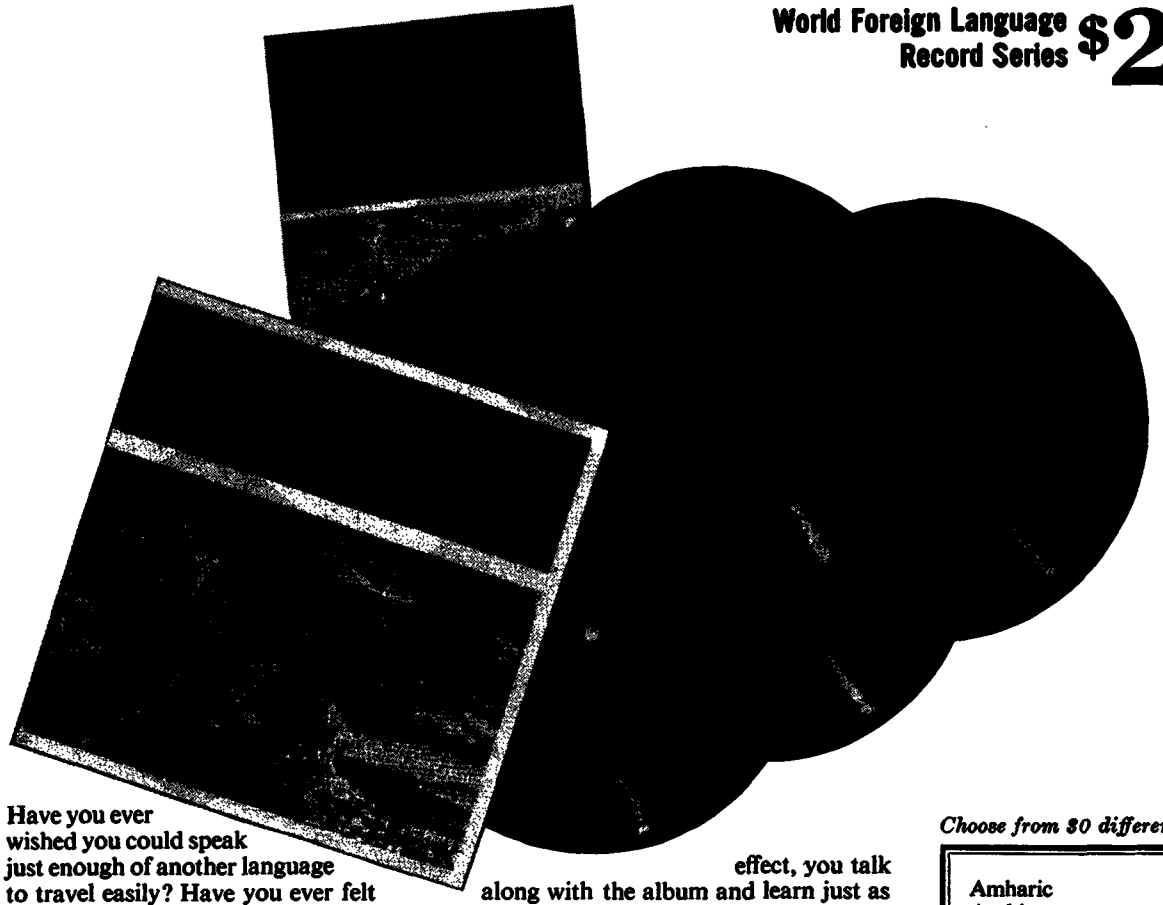

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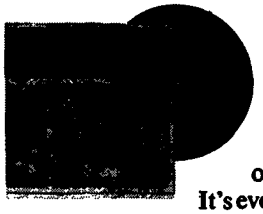

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FILM CHRONICLE

Warren Coffey

To Die in Madrid runs for about eighty minutes. When it is not being arty or wilfully blind, which is about half the time, it is a very decent movie, the only one I've seen in a long time that I wished were longer than it was. Made up of newsreel film shot by various hands, it covers the Spanish Civil War from the elections of 1931, which sent King Alfonso XIII packing, to the entrance into Madrid in 1939, in triumph and amid what the cameras represent as general rejoicing, of a Nationalist army. The movie comes provided with a commentary in cadenced prose read by Sir John Gielgud and Barbara Worth. The lyricism of the prose clashed—unfortunately I thought—with the hard-edged view of the war delivered by the newsreel cameras, and Gielgud's voice particularly, burnished and rich as it is, seemed to me somewhat precious counterpoint to an action in which a lot of people were getting shot up.

But I may be overstating this, and the movie had wonderful things in it, too. The International Brigades coming off the trains in Madrid in cheap caps and badly-made overcoats, carrying cardboard suitcases and forming up in lines to go off and blow up the Middle Ages—the toughness and jauntiness of all that are finely caught. And we see some shots of Unamuno and *La Pasionaria*—ghosts out of the past: Unamuno then the rector at Salamanca, urbanely mocking the Fascist slogan, "Long Live Death!"; *La Pasionaria,* the miner's wife, in her youth a devout Catholic, but now in middle life an abject and fanatic Communist "climbing on a wagonette to scream." We see André Malraux's air squadron and General Pavlov's tanks and the German Condor Legion. We see diplomats running into embassies and Spanish infantrymen dead in the drifted snow. And striding through it all, of course, the Generalissimo himself, thinner, younger, but full of hard self-possession. The newsreel cameras evoke these things with a flat eloquence all their own, an eloquence that could not be managed any other way, I think, and that I found curiously moving, most notably in the shots of the International Brigades called back from the front and disbanded, parading out of Barcelona for the last time, with crowds cheering and children running out to embrace the soldiers.

In calling this movie "wilfully blind," I do not mean that it is bent on deceiving anybody in the ordinary way of propaganda. On the contrary, it makes an almost touching effort to be balanced and fair and to avoid melodramatics. Where the producers go wrong is in having first deceived themselves, which is certainly more innocent than the propagandist's way, but about as destructive in the end. They are determined to see the war as a kind of pastoral poem; hence they impose on a tangled and tragic action a set of simple pastoral emotions and an idyllic form that it refuses to receive. The movie opens and closes with shots of a peasant walking through the fields, very arty shots, I might add, made by somebody who obviously thought "The Man with the Hoe" was a great painting. By framing the straight newsreel clips with this kind of poetic photography, the producers try to impose pastoral form and coloration on what their own newsreel cameras have made it hard to think of as a pastoral interlude in history. Thus, the movie shows us dead soldiers and execution squads and the streets of Madrid full of people cheering and saluting the entrance of a Fascist army, and then cuts to a peasant out in the lyrical fields, as though that somehow cancelled out the fanaticism and the mobs and reestablished "the holiness of the heart's affections." It doesn't work, of course, and yet, naive as the method sounds, it has been the way artists have regularly handled the Spanish Civil War. And it is a method that has defeated better artists than any involved in *To Die in Madrid. For Whom the Bell Tolls,* for instance, which had every reason to be a great novel, fails in exactly this pastoral way, fails to cast a cold eye on its own romanticisms and ends as an exercise in coddled lyric prose. Finally, this movie has too much warm pastoral heart and too little cool satiric head. It takes a few pokes along the way at the fatuity of diplomats, but straining at that gnat, it swallows some very obvious fleas, quoting, for example, with high approval a lot of pronouncements by trumpery generals about the congenital bravery of Spanish males, without ever examining the romanticism of action and involvement, or asking how well the parliamentary idea exports. With the advantage of thirty years' perspective, it might have raised some of these questions.

"DAVID LEAN'S FILM of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*"—this style of billing may yet produce "DAVID LEAN'S FILM of *The Ten Commandments* by God"—turns out to be a pretty creditable movie, not a great one, I think, though it has moments of that. A tight screenplay by Robert Bolt clears away most of the narrative tangle of Pasternak's book and scraps almost all of its philosophical conversations, and some of the conversationalists too, notably Uncle Kolia, Zhivago's mentor. What is left is a love story and a pageant of revolutionary Russia, both of them superior of their kind, certainly many cuts above ordinary screen fare. But a good deal is lost too—all the grain and gnarl have been removed to provide a level, smooth surface—as generally happens when a journalist rewrites a poet's book. Poets won't write in straight lines, and journalists don't know any other kind. The effect in this case is a little like *War and Peace* abridged by the editors of *Holiday.*

I don't want to be flippant about this, and I realize that Pasternak's book presents terrific difficulties to the adapter, among them Pasternak's plain ineptitude at narrative. But while the neat, workmanlike screenplay may even be the most

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intelligent compromise possible, it refuses to take chances, so it gains a sure pageant and parts of a sure love story at the cost of all the book's poetry and most of its epic quality. The graininess and poetry of Pasternak's book and hero come from his attachment to ideas from a more spacious age. As a matter of fact, Pasternak's book manages to repeat most of the philosophic excesses of Russian writing of the great age, the excesses catalogued in D. H. Lawrence's poem: "The Tolstoyan lot simply asked for extinction:/ Eat me up, dear peasant! So the peasant ate him./ And the Dostoevsky lot wallowed in the thought:/ Let me sin my way to Jesus! So they sinned themselves off the face of the earth./ And the Tchekov lot: I'm too weak and lovable to live! So they went." But whatever his mistakes, Pasternak has Zhivago triumph over the chaos of history in his time and the smashing-up of his own life by faith in an idea of his own freedom, a faith that touches on everything in his life, including his love of Lara The way the movie chiefly deals with this faith consists in having Zhivago say "I believe in life" from time to time and in making the loudspeakers grind out the "Lara theme" whenever she heaves into sight. Because of its failure to take a chance on Pasternak's ideas, the great things in this movie come from the photography and the actors.

The photography is quite beautiful, across the whole epic range of demands made on it. It does everything: opulent Moscow interiors, a street-march of workers smashed by horsemen, the trenches in World War I—these with particular economy and power—stands of trees, reaches of mountain, the villa at Yuriatin, a colt running behind the Zhivagos' sleigh, villages scorched black by the Partisans, and always, it seemed, the snow. Through all of this, and all the temptation it obviously provides to flashy spectacle effects, the cameras remain very finely disciplined, an impression I can best anchor by reporting that the color process used in the movie apparently makes it possible to combine black and white and color, in a way new to me at least, and one that was used just once and most strikingly and at just the right place dramatically.

The actors were a more mixed bag, despite the evident intention of the producers to settle for a smooth ensemble performance, with nobody distractingly great on the one hand, or plainly incompetent on the other. The casting, in other words, took about as many chances as the script did. Omar Sharif as Zhivago comported himself creditably enough. He looked sturdier than I've seen him in other outings and seemed a good deal less bent on being exotic or pretty. He wasn't given much of anything to say, though, that suggested he might have it in him to write great poems or think thoughts much out of the common way, and he didn't have much luck at aging and even less at growing intellectually in response to experience. Julie Christie as Lara was a couple of shades better than that. She is a lovely girl and a most sensible-looking one, too, and she occasionally catches in her actions—as in the scene where she is ironing linen in an army hospital—the rooted and natural yet romantic quality of Pasternak's heroine. But when she fails, it is in the direction of an excess of good sense. A second Eve, another Magdalene, all for love and the world well lost—Julie Christie is a lovely girl and can act some, but she isn't up to that. I don't know who might be, but I wished the movie had taken a chance here. The one it does take, casting Geraldine Chaplin, in her first movie appearance, as Tonya pays off handsomely indeed. She is an extremely fetching girl, and the scenes she's involved in sing like nothing else around. You can practically see the dew on this girl. When she gets off a train in Moscow, pleased as punch about her Paris dress and headlong in love in a girl's way with Zhivago, who is courting her, and then, a World War and a Revolution later, when she has married Zhivago and borne him a child and is about to bear him another, she brings to the movie a life and a humanity it has too little of. The whole first interlude at Tonya's family's old villa at Yuriatin struck me as the most beautifully realized thing in the movie. Geraldine Chaplin's Tonya had a lot to do with this, and so did Ralph Richardson who played Gromeko, her crotchety, Czarist father, and played him to a fare-thee-well, with real imagination and body. Jack MacGowran contributed to these same scenes a characterization of Petya, an old servant of Tonya's family, that was a model of the daft confusion of a man lost between two worlds, one forever gone, and the other incomprehensibly new. But beyond these people and the one great stretch they create in the movie, the flashes of really imaginative acting are rare. They involve Adrienne Corri in a brief appearance as Lara's demi-rep mother, Geoffrey Keen as Zhivago's medical tutor, and Rita Tushingham, who plays the daughter of Zhivago and Lara in a spare, intense way that captures at least the Zhivago intransigence very strongly. Tom Courtenay makes an honorable try at Pasha, the young revolutionary who hardens later on into General Strelnikov. For the rest, there is a lot of expensive and even accomplished talent on hand, notably Rod Steiger as Komarovsky, the shady lawyer and seducer of Lara, and Alec Guinness as Yevgraf, Zhivago's mysterious half-brother. The kind of acting that comes from these people is accomplished but standard costume-picture stuff. That's what *Doctor Zhivago* comes to in the movies, a superior costume-picture.

The 10th Victim, with Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, had some agreeable moments but suffered from the mistake of trying to make romantic comedy out of the 21st century. It's a fresh approach, you'll have to admit. The only trouble, as it turns out, is that nobody can believe the 21st century is going to go that way, not even Marcello Mastroianni. He appears to be bored much of the way through this one. The story involves a time when war has been outlawed in the world and violence survives only in a stylized game of love that keeps up some of the old conventions, mainly hunt and kill. The game is played by accomplished professional lovers and killers who enjoy immunity from the law and go up and down in the world at the bidding of an IBM machine in Geneva, doing each

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other in as stylishly as possible. The rest of the world watches on television and keeps batting averages. Ursula Andress is Caroline Martin, the product of a Hoboken artificial insemination depot and more or less the American champion at the game, an eminence she has won by shooting down a Chinese contender at the New York strip-bar in which she performs. The Chinese had been unwary enough to forget that the silver bra of Caroline Martin might conceal, with devilish occidental ingenuity, two miniature pistols. I don't profess to know the meaning of all this, but I found myself thinking about it a lot through the winter. At any rate, Caroline Martin goes to Italy to hunt down the champion of those parts, who is Marcello Mastroianni, cleverly disguised as Marcello Polletti. He is hard-up for money because he is supporting an expensive mistress and trying to divorce his wife—there is a running joke through much of the movie involving the idea that though the rest of the world has altered spectacularly, the Roman *Rota* is still refusing divorces to Italians. It's the standard Marcello Mastroianni part, a fact not much altered by his having bleached his hair for this time around. Marcello Polletti tries to scare up money by arranging to kill Caroline Martin in front of the cameras of an unscrupulous Italian movie-maker. She has agreed to kill him on a Ming Tea television commercial. There are some amusing glances at an American television crew along the way, but the movie gets more and more diffuse as it goes along, and ends by being tiresome a good part of the time. There are exceedingly long and graphic displays of the Mastroianni bag of tricks as he takes the chill off Ursula Andress. They fall in love, he gets his divorce and sheds his mistress, Elsa Martinelli, who turns in some funny touches. Ursula Andress can't do comedy, or not very much anyway, but I can see how she might do very handsomely by one kind of big romantic spectacle. She has a lithe, mean, feline quality that is not, alas, parcelled out to most big girls.

WARREN COFFEY *writes regularly about the movies for* COMMENTARY.

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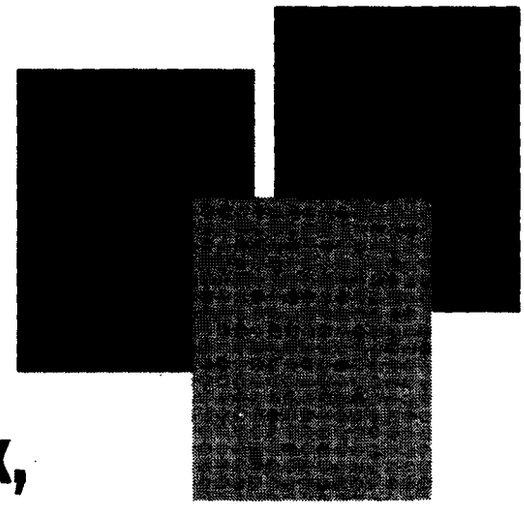

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BUT IS IT GOOD FOR LITERATURE?

IN COLD BLOOD. By TRUMAN CAPOTE. *Random House. 343 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM PHILLIPS

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S *In Cold Blood* is a cross between a detective story and a crime documentary. It cannot be considered in any meaningful sense a novel, though it invites criticism as a novel by pretending somehow to be one and by using the machinery of fiction. (On most bestseller lists, *In Cold Blood* is listed as non-fiction, though of course newspapers do not recognize any ultra-modern category between fiction and non-fiction.) Perhaps I can best sum up my response to the book by saying that when I finished it I thought it was good in its own way, but that the question remained—as in the old Jewish joke—whether *In Cold Blood* was good for literature. By this I do not mean that the book does not measure up to some fancy or sacred or strict notion of literature or of the novel. Nor am I denying its qualities: qualities that are appropriate to its own genre, such as the fact that it is a good story, competently though too mechanically told, its smooth, standardized prose and somewhat contrived shifting of scenes giving off an aura of fictional skill and urbanity and imaginative re-creation. *In Cold Blood* reads like high-class journalism, the kind of journalism one expects of a novelist.

Some people have been spreading the notion, promoted by Capote himself, that *In Cold Blood* represents a new literary genre, the non-fiction novel. Now the idea of a non- or anti-fiction is quite chic and fits in with fashionable attitudes about modern forms, and with attitudes about novelty in general. Capote's book, however, has nothing to do with these catchy—and saleable—hints of a literary breakthrough. It is almost reassuringly old-fashioned in its straightforward rendition of a "true story." For the use of real events is as old as fiction or story-telling itself. And if we are looking for more immediate examples, there is of course *An American Tragedy*, based largely on actual happenings, or works like *The Possessed*, or *Sons and Lovers*, or Proust's great novel, all of which took off from occurrences either in or outside the lives of the authors. But even the most naturalistic works were not chained to the facts; in all of them, the art of the novel was to transform the original experience. In Truman Capote's book, what stands out is not Capote's inventiveness but his fidelity to the "facts." The emphasis is on the fact, not on the fiction, on re-creation, not creation. Capote's aim seemed to be to preserve the picture of the place and of the events before, during, and after the murder, in the way it appeared to everyone involved or as it might appear to an all-seeing, objective observer—like God, who is clearly not a novelist.

There is no need to retell the story, since so many reviewers have showed off their narrative gifts in stylish summaries of the action, with a few side-effects and fringe insights thrown in. But one is struck by the fact that many of the reviewers as well as the author himself (particularly when he was interviewed in the New York *Times*) put so much emphasis on the importance of the plot. No doubt the appearance of a good, juicy, easily readable tale that lent itself to a kind of instant, home-made symbolism was bound to be welcomed by readers and reviewers fed up with the more complex forms of modern writing in which the so-called story is only an aspect, and a highly stylized one, of the total vision of the novel. Here in this seemingly normal chronicle was the answer to all the distorted and morbid and tortured re-creations of experience, going by the name of modernism, that simply do not look like what is commonly assumed to be the shape of experience. The standardized notions of experience are of course themselves fabrications, but they are soothing ones, deriving from popular myths and outworn beliefs, perpetuated by journalism and by the mass media, particularly by television and Broadway. (Though, recently, shocking and outrageous things have been passed off as original.) In self-defense, modern literature—like modern art—had to free itself of the clichés of naturalism in popular story-telling, where the orderly plot reduces everything to a consensus of feelings about life, and affirms an orderly view of existence.

In Cold Blood does involve some such consensus of feeling. No doubt Capote was originally drawn to the murder, despite his statements expressing a purely professional interest in the story, because it touched something very personal inside himself. But except for some hints and echoes, *In Cold Blood* sounds as though it need not have been written by Capote. The popular strains of Americana, the mystique of Kansas and the Midwest, the folksy philosophy and style of most of the characters, the attempt to understand but not to forgive the murderers in the best tradition of benevolent psychiatry and criminology—those things which give the book its wholesomeness are not attitudes or views normally associated with Capote. The impression one gets from this book is that of a clever synthesis of American prejudices and American wisdom. It is almost as though everything were seen through the eyes of the mythic American: the fabled kind and strong man of the midland who knows nothing and understands everything. All the

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characters, including the murderers, are conceived of as generalizations of themselves. And the murdered family, as so many reviewers proudly observed, represented a composite of everything decent and ordinary in American life—the very combination of these elements being a triumph of the American character. Also the moral symbolism, which seemed to delight most of the reviewers, is actually a moral resumé, a rehash of all the lessons we have ever been taught. The good guys, who include everyone except the murderers, illustrate the enlightened idea that man is a mixture of good and evil, say about 60-40 in favor of good, while the bad guys, the murderers, simply reverse the proportion. And in the last analysis, everyone is a victim of circumstance, thus preserving the faith, the hope, and the belief in social sanity that our ideals of advancement depend on. As everyone has said, the crime itself is so awful it is painful to think about. Yet the book as a whole is made palatable by the fact that its horrors are part of the order of things and are soluble in criminology, psychology, sociology—the disciplines which stabilize the meaning of crime and punishment.

A kind of catharsis might be said to be effected by the typicality of the people and events of the book. The judge, the cops, the Clutter family, the murderers, are so thoroughly stereotyped that their motives and their behavior scarcely belong to them. They belong to all of us, and since they are so broad and so general they sweep up our free-floating feelings of guilt and terror and desire—which, I suppose, is the secret of the detective story's success. Who are the leading characters? Herbert Clutter is the legendary rugged individualist, the American Gothic who inevitably is conjured up when you try to picture the average middle-class citizen, the man whose life and opinions explain why the country thinks and acts as it does at any given time. Mrs. Clutter is faded, depressed, but a good woman, the soft underbelly of the American dream. Their children, Nancy and Kenyon, round out the family: Nancy is the embodiment

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THE KILLERS, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, are more complex and more interesting. And in conceiving them, Capote almost achieves the true novelist's lack of objectivity. For one thing, Capote spends much more time digging into the characters of the killers. Obviously he was strongly drawn to them, and not only because the narrative required that he focus on them. His re-creation of their lives suggests more than the standard liberal conception of their pathology. It suggests a feeling, not entirely detached, for that pathology, particularly for Perry Smith, the more twisted of the two. Hence Capote does succeed in giving a sense of the psychopathic haze in which the impulses outlawed by society are mixed up with so-called normal—or conventional—thinking. Clinically, the distorting factors are thought to be some lack of guilt, weak superego, and affectlessness; and Capote does suggest some such psychological picture. But these are only medical categories, and whatever power is generated in portraying the killers comes from Capote's need to humanize the criminal mind, to connect it with the most ordinary, often legitimate, sometimes appealing acts and feelings. If Smith and Hickock come alive at all, it is because Capote has tried to see them as whole men, so that their sexual habits, their feeling toward their friends and families, their sense of themselves—all appear to be of a piece. Sometimes it almost seems as though Capote identifies himself with the killers, particularly when he makes their most perverse desires look plausible and ordinary, the way we like to think of our own desires.

Usually, though, Capote hangs back from putting himself into the

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killers or—what amounts to the same thing—putting the killers into himself. Instead, he generalizes them, blowing them up into case histories which, as we know, are interchangeable, equally morbid, seductive, meaningful.

Only in the portrait of Perry Smith does Capote come close to drawing a truly novelistic figure, someone who is more than a composite of everything we know about him. Stunted, childish, and savage, like an underdeveloped pirate, Perry Smith lives constantly on the edge of frenzy. But there is very little difference between his "normal" way of thinking and the state he is in when he is about to steal something from a supermarket or cut someone's throat. In this respect he is, by the norms of our imagination, a monster. (One is reminded of Eichmann, whose normalities and abnormalities were often indistinguishable, though in Nazi Germany his behavior was more socially acceptable.) And to re-create Smith as a monster, Capote would have had to stretch him out of shape—a shape people find disturbing but still comfortably familiar—to push to the extreme some of his traits instead of underplaying them. Thus, Perry would have had to become possible rather than just reasonable. But to effect this, Capote would have had to stock Perry with some of his own obsessions. As for Dick Hickock, he is less of a monster, more of a typical con man. But to be realized, he, too, would have had to be carried away by some morbid idea, superimposed on him by Capote; and such a fusion of the author with his character would have endowed Hickock with a novelistic personality.

Perhaps the key to Capote's failure is his muting of the homosexual theme. I don't mean to suggest that he should have made overt the homosexuality constantly hinted at in each of the killers and in their quibbling, jealous, dependent relationship, like that of a very old or very young couple. That would have been even more banal, just another psychological package. But Capote could have exploited the homosexual theme by transposing it or connecting it with other life styles, as, for example, Proust and Genet have done, and thus might have been able to lift the killers out of the pettiness of their lives and their crimes. If their crimes are to be seen as extensions of their lives, their lives must be seen in more monstrous and more seductive—really in more absolute, terms.

A comparison with writers like Gide and Camus, who found the proper means for handling similar themes, is not unfair if we take seriously the claims for *In Cold Blood*. Gide's and Camus's ideas invaded their characters, and each character enacts the meaning, not just the events, of his life. Gide's immoralists act out their own moral logic, and their seemingly unmotivated acts exemplify the illogic of existence. And Camus's Meursault is an ordinary man, a nobody, who becomes a killer because one thing leads to another. But in refusing to connect himself with his crime, Meursault holds on till the very end to his idea of himself, and in so doing exemplifies Camus's idea that moral will is the content of freedom. Capote's murderers, on the other hand, are simply reconstituted.

Literary questions of the kind raised by Capote's new book often appear more sharply in a generational form. And, in fact, *In Cold Blood* seems to have very little appeal for younger people. I do not think that one is necessarily joining the youth brigade in suggesting that younger people, brought up on more adventurous kinds of writing, do not take to a fairly conventional, almost sentimental, portrait of the psychopath as a little man. Still, one need not be under thirty to tell the difference between a fictionalized crime story and a new kind of fiction.

DIVINE JUSTICE

THE BOOK OF GOD AND MAN: A STUDY OF THE BOOK OF JOB. By ROBERT GORDIS. *The University of Chicago Press. 389 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

THE BOOK OF JOB continues to fascinate and challenge scholars.

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Haganah

By MUNYA MARDOR

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Last year, we had Marvin Pope's translation and commentary on the Anchor Bible, and now we have Robert Gordis, the distinguished Jewish authority on Hebrew Wisdom literature, presenting a study, a commentary, and a translation. Gordis puts the book into its historical setting, demonstrating its relation to the principal strands of ancient Hebrew religion and culture as well as to the whole corpus of Wisdom literature produced by the various nations of the Fertile Crescent. He assigns the book to the early post-Exilic period, after Deutero-Isaiah, between 500 and 300 B.C.E. and sees it as part of the concern with the fate of the individual (as distinct from the nation or the family) shown by upper-class writers in that unstable period. The lower classes, facing their unvaried lot of poverty and oppression at the hands of both domestic and foreign masters, began to look to a future life to redress the balance, or to await some great supernatural cataclysm which would usher in a new order. Out of this came apocalyptic movements, frowned on by official Judaism but highly influential in the development of Christianity. But the Book of Job is not apocalyptic, and it specifically denies belief in an after-life. It is the work of a great upper-class poet, obsessed with the problem of personal suffering and the apparent injustice of God in dealing with individuals. Though its theme is personal rather than national, it is also universal, not concerned with the survival of the people of Israel (neither the setting nor the characters of the book are Israelite) but deeply worried about the problem of theodicy, God's justice in dealing with men.

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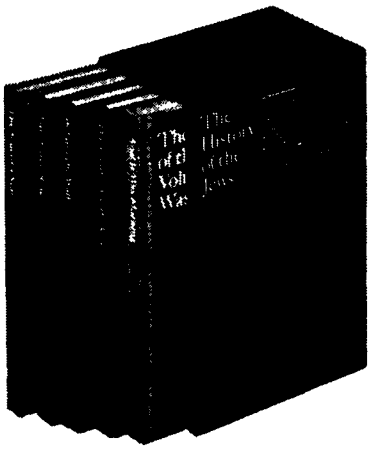

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tience in the end by a restoration of more than his former prosperity. It is interesting that until relatively recently in the history of both Judaism and Christianity, it is the simple moral of the folk-tale that was dwelt on: we still talk of "the patience of Job" as though we had never read beyond Chapter One of the forty-two chapters of the book. However, in the development of the dialogue by the great poet who used the original folk-tale merely as a starting point, Job is shown as far from patient. Emboldened by his agony and his outraged sense of injustice, he asserts that God's power is not matched by His equity and he challenges God to face him and tell him what he has done wrong that he has been made to suffer so. He sees the world full of the prosperous wicked and the tortured innocent, and will not accept for a moment the simple equation between suffering and guilt that his friends try to force on him—nor will he even accept Elihu's more sophisticated view that God sometimes sends suffering to test character and prevent future evildoing by shaking moral complacency. He does not doubt God's omnipotence; he does doubt His justice. Yet running through his anguished cries of despair and anger, and his contemptuous dismissal of his friends' conventional arguments, is another argument: If only Job could get God to face him properly, he would somehow find his advocate, his defender.

In a curious way, Job seems to appeal from God to God—either from one aspect of God to another, or even to a principle beyond God. When he cries that in spite of everything "I know that my Redeemer lives" (and the Hebrew word *go'el*, traditionally translated as "redeemer," originally meant the nearest kinsman who had the duty of exacting vengeance in a blood feud, and then took on an extended meaning of defender or deliverer), is he saying that in spite of everything he believes that God, whom he has been attacking as his persecutor, is really on his side, or is he looking to some power behind God? Earlier, Job had said: "Yes. He may slay me; I have no hope, but I will justify my ways to His face"* and we get the feeling that if only he could force a confrontation with God, he would find God, the unjust wielder of power, and God, the redeemer, identical. Sometimes a curiously elegiac note rises up: here is Gordis's rendering of one such passage:

> If a man die, can he live again?
> all the days of my service I would wait,
> till my hour of release should come.
> You would call and I would answer You;
> You would be longing for the work of Your hands.

That's the sort of God Job would like, a God who would enable a man to live again after death (which Job did not believe God could or would do), when a loving reconciliation between the creator and the creature could take place. But nowhere in the poem is it suggested that this will actually occur. Even though, in the astonishing conclusion of the poem, God does appear out of the whirlwind and confront Job, it is to assert the unfathomable diversity, wonder, and splendor of the universe and God's unknowable power in creating it. Job is abashed, but God does not reprove him for his near-blasphemous words: on the contrary, he reproves his friends (who had maintained throughout the discussion the conventional doctrine that suffering must imply prior sin) for having talked nonsense.

Job gets his confrontation, then. But it is not the kind he had demanded, with a clear statement of what he was supposed to have done wrong so that he could disprove it in open court, as it were. God's voice, speaking marvelous poetry, gives a tremendous picture of the great non-human forces in the universe, almost as though to suggest that man hardly counts. The memorable portraits of *behemoth* and *leviathan* (the hippopotamos and the crocodile) suggest two things, says Gordis. "First, man, who is only one of God's creatures, is *not* the measure of all things and the sole test of creation.

*Gordis's translation.

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Second, man's suffering must be seen in its proper perspective within the framework of the cosmos." And Gordis goes on to say that "evil will then seem less pervasive in the universe than Job's anguished cries have made it appear." To this, one can only reply that surely in any higher religion man has a special relationship to God which cannot be blurred by dwelling on the magnificence of the non-human creation; and secondly, that if man suffers unjustly, his suffering—whatever proportion it happens to occupy of the sum-total of activity in the universe—still represents injustice, and God should not be unjust. One is reminded of the servant girl who pleaded that her illegitimate baby was a very little one. The size is not relevant to the issue.

I cannot myself feel that what is going on in this extraordinary final part of Job is quite what Gordis says it is. For he then goes on to say that God's second speech to Job teaches Job "to recognize both the mystery and the harmony of the world." The mystery, yes; the power, the diversity, the sheer scope and even monstrousness of creation, yes. But harmony? I can find nothing in the original text which suggests this notion. In other words, it seems to me that Gordis is rationalizing a bit. God says that His creation is mysterious and wonderful and that man cannot begin to understand it. That is all the answer Job gets. God does *not* say to Job that if he could see the creation as a whole he would recognize its harmony and justice. He does *not* say that man's suffering is justified because it is so small a part of the totality of the universe (which is a pretty dangerous position theologically and morally anyway). He calls attention to Job's inability to command the morning, tread on the sea-bed, discover the home of light, bind the chains of the Pleiades, seize leviathan with a net, and do many other things; and it is true that the list of these things is absolutely stunning in its suggestion of power and glory, so that it does exalt the spirit to read it. But the only answer to Job's question is that there is no answer: the universe is more complicated

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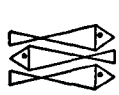

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than man can ever hope to understand, so he had better refrain from discussing the principles on which it is run. Yet Job is not punished for having raised the question; instead, his friends are reproved for having given the neat, conventional answers. There are no answers that man can understand.

ONE CAN argue forever about the real meaning of the last part of the book, and if I have some minor disagreements with Dr. Gordis it is not because I do not appreciate the scholarship and the qualities of mind and imagination that reveal themselves again and again in his commentary. I was particularly impressed by his solution to some of the perennial textual problems presented by this difficult work, one part of which is clearly incomplete and out of order but which, on the whole, is much less in need of radical emendation than earlier scholars, in the heyday of textual reconstruction, believed. In a perceptive chapter on "the rhetoric of allusion and analogy" Gordis draws attention to the great demands made on the reader in the ancient Semitic world, not only in vocalizing a consonantal alphabet in the process of reading, and in supplying punctuation, but also in following what is often a highly allusive line of thought, and in making sense of parallels and contrasts which are set going by imagery lacking either cumulative or antithetical conjunctions. By the simple process of recognizing certain sentences as quotations, existing within unwritten quotation marks, he makes impressive sense of entire chapters that had been truncated or scrapped by earlier editors. In his translation, he helps the reader by putting into Job's mouth, as he addresses his friends, such phrases as *"You* say . . . but *I* maintain" and immediately the whole pattern of the speech becomes clear and we are no longer bewildered by arguments of Job's opponents emerging intermittently from the mouth of Job with disturbing lack of logic. Similarly, Job may cite a well-known proverb before going on to confute it with reference to his own experience. If we do not recognize that proverb as a quotation, we are puzzled by Job's saying one thing and then going on to say the precise opposite.

The translation itself is always interesting and often illuminating, though the scope of the book does not allow detailed textual notes defending a given rendering. Occasionally Gordis, in his desire to make the point absolutely clear, adds a word not in the original, and I am not sure that this does not weaken rather than strengthen the effect. For example, the second verse of Chapter 12 is rendered thus both by the King James Bible, and the Jewish Publication Society translation:

> No doubt but ye are the people,
> And wisdom shall die with you.

Marvin Pope (who takes the Hebrew word *am* to be a technical social term meaning upper-class landowners, though its basic and more general sense is simply "people") renders:

> No doubt you are the gentry,
> And with you wisdom will die.

Gordis renders:

> No doubt you are the people that count,
> and with you all wisdom will die!

In his desire to spell out what the original means, Gordis adds "that count" (not in the Hebrew), thus blunting the sly irony of the original, and adds the word "all" (also not in the Hebrew) before "wisdom." It is true that this results in a crystal-clear statement of the intention of the original, but it lacks its compression and thus its power. Again, let us compare the opening on Chapter 3 in the three versions (King James, Pope, and Gordis):

> Let the day perish wherein I was born,
> And the night wherein it was said:
> 'A man-child is brought forth.'
> Let that day be darkness; . . .

> Damn the day I was born,
> The night that said, 'A boy is begot.'
> That day—let it be darkness.

> Perish the day when I was born,
> and the night which said:

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"A man-child is conceived."
That day—may it be utter darkness!

Only Gordis adds the unnecessary word "utter," which is not in the Hebrew. (The Hebrew word *choshekh* is simply the ordinary word for darkness: there is another Hebrew word for darkness, *arafel*, used in Isaiah and usually translated "thick darkness," but it is not the word used here.) Nevertheless, Gordis's is a clear and vivid translation, and a conservative one in the sense that he does not emend the masoretic text unnecessarily. Here is a final example of different renderings of the same passage, nicely illustrating not only some of the linguistic difficulties but also the way in which the doctrinal element can affect the translation. The first is from the King James version, the second from the Jewish Publication Society, the third is Pope's and the fourth Gordis's:

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:
And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

But as for me, I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that he will witness at the last upon the dust;
And when after my skin this is destroyed,
Then without my flesh shall I see God.

I know that my vindicator lives,
A guarantor upon the dust will stand;
Even after my skin is flayed,
Without my flesh I shall see God.

For I know that my Redeemer lives,
though He be the last to arise upon earth!
Deep in my skin this has been marked,
and in my very flesh do I see God.

Pope gets "guarantor" by reading the Hebrew word *acharon*, which normally means "last," in the light of the Mishnaic and Talmudic term *achar'y* (responsible). But he adds that it makes little

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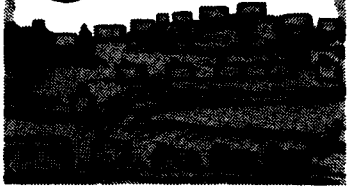

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real difference whichever way we take the word, "since the crucial point is that the vindicator and guarantor is not God but rather a mediator, an arbiter who will eventually prove Job's innocence before God." But Gordis returns to the older view that the *go'el* is God, seeing Job as appealing from God to God, from the God of power to the God of justice. It is, for Gordis, a mystical vision which Job has for an instant and cannot sustain: "In this moment of mystical exaltation, Job feels his ultimate reconciliation with God engraved on his very flesh. He yearns to hold fast to the ecstatic experience, but it flees. The vision of the future fades as quickly as it has come, and there remains only the agony of the present." Much of Gordis's interpretation depends on his seeing swiftly changing moods succeeding themselves in Job's consciousness. This enables him to retain as authentic many passages earlier editors threw out as illogical excrescences.

The argument will go on. No study of this fascinating book can be final: but this is an impressive and illuminating contribution.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THE GREAT COMIC-BOOK HEROES. Compiled, Introduced and Annotated by JULES FEIFFER. *The Dial Press. 189 pp. $9.95.*

Reviewed by REUEL DENNEY

BETWEEN 1945 and 1950, I read quite a few comic books to our then-unlettered son. Most of them, as I remember, were the rhymed adventures of bug-people in a place called "Bugville." The plots were mild, calling to my mind the adventures of the "Brownies" by Palmer Cox that I used to read in bound copies of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. In the later part of that period, we also read together some of *Superman* by Jerome Siegel and Joe Shuster, and *The Spirit* by Will Eisner. I liked *The Spirit* for what Feiffer calls Eisner's "expressionist touch." We read some of Bob Kane's *Batman and Robin* too. There were arguments going on about the possible bad influences

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of these publications. My own feeling was that as long as I read children's books of my own choice to my child, I ought also to read a few that he picked off the stands. Then, too, I figured that since I had a part in reading and commenting on the comics, I was playing a not insignificant part in providing my co-reader with critical grounds for outgrowing them.

Whether or not these reflections were adequate, I have not changed my mind about such questions after looking at Jules Feiffer's enjoyable sampling from the comic-book major-leaguers of that period, and reading his unusually interesting reflections on his own youthful life with the comic-book heroes and heroines. This nine-by-twelve-inch volume of 189 pages devotes about 130 of those pages to reproductions of typical episodes from thirteen of the most famous books, most of them in the color and size in which they first appeared. The balance is devoted to Feiffer's essay on the genre.

Back in 1955, Feiffer's rising star as a sophisticated satirical cartoonist impressed many of us, immediately enough, with its saturnine brightness. At the time, the Chicago school of postwar café and theater comics—Elaine May and Mike Nichols and Barbara Harris and Shelley Berman and others, who quite frequently had come under the fruitful direction of Paul Sills—were already on their way to fame. It seems to me that their experiments in satirical *commedia dell' arte* improvisations were the right kind of training for perceiving what Feiffer was up to with his nervous India ink, his variable-pressure pen, and his wonderfully naked-looking balloonless dialogue. But it had never occurred to me that Feiffer, the creator of *Sick, Sick, Sick* and *The Explainers*, had come through the lesser comic-book factories (he calls them "schlock houses") as an apprentice. All the more reason that this impressive advancer of New York-style innovations in graphic comic style should have something to say about *Captain Marvel, The Flash,* and others.

By this point it will be seen that I have chosen a first-person style

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for this review. Any other would pretend to the possession of a greater distance from American cartoon art than I can possibly command. I have been around long enough to see Feiffer's couples and *Superman* against a receding perspective that includes Bud Fisher's *Mutt and Jeff*, Herriman's *Krazy Kat*, and, at a farther distance, Winsor McKay's *Little Nemo*, T. E. Powers's *Joys and Glooms*, and Tad Dorgan's barbershop. And at an early age, just after World War I, I was an avid student of pretty complete runs of *Life* and *Judge*, 1880 to 1914, rescued from a flaming mansion by my fireman uncle. If I did not teethe on Nast and Opper and Charles Dana Gibson, they once seemed as close to me as the bosun's whistle-with-cord that came with my early sailor-suits. At an age when I could have been mastering classical Chinese or Hebrew, I was already escaping from the *Oz* books to the literature of the Union News Co. If I could work my way objectively through and out of this paper castle of memories, then my name is not Clark Kent, but Harry Houdini.

I have questions in mind that Feiffer did not set out to answer. Is the draftmanship of most of the period influenced, as I think it is, by the popularity among high-school art departments of the dynamic anatomy of Percy Bridgeman? Wasn't the comic book a response, in part, to the discovery of superboy genres by radio of the late 1920's?—that, in turn, being a development of the Saturday movies of the 20's? Is it significant that Superman originated in the Midwest rather than New York? Did *Abie The Agent* and the success of Rube Goldberg encourage greater efforts by Jewish contenders for cartooning fame after World War I? Were Edgar Rice Burroughs's *Tarzan* and the movie performances of Johnny Weismuller in that role an important source of influence? Was there a conspicuous absence, in the 20's and 30's, of talent devoted to writing "series" books for boys—or had these killed themselves off by hanging onto a suburban, private-school and Ivy-League milieu that was no longer recognizable to newer, wider audiences? Are some magazines, such as *Playboy*, translations into print and photo format of comic-book patterns of organization? Does a novel like Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* employ hyperbole of comic-book style—if not exactly for comic-book purposes—as a result of direct influence by the cartoon on this writer and his audiences?

CONSIDER it all as a question of inter-media competition. Before 1920, Jewish newspaper publishers, editorialists, and cartoonists were not overly in evidence. But even as early as 1920, Jewish entrepreneurs had begun to score in the movie business, all the way from nickelodeons to MGM in Hollywood. It was movie ideas and movie forms, I suggest, that made up an essential part of the inspiration for the "comic book" as contrasted with the newspaper "comic strip." To some degree, this was competitive conquest of a part of the newspaper world by the spirit of the movie world—the comic-book printing press was taught to do the work of film, and by doing so it wrested from the newspapers a single youthful audience that had been, for the newspaper, only one of its many audiences. It was not surprising that some of the leaders in this chapter of intermedia competition should have been Jewish. Often enough they couldn't draw any better than the other non-Rembrandtlike ethnics who had preceded them. But this was not the point. They told a story in a new way. No wonder Feiffer says that all his friends thought that "The Spirit" was "really Jewish."

What I in my generation learn from this book is that Horatio Alger—as Feiffer explicitly argues—had gone bankrupt in the 1930's and needed replacement. This happens to fit almost too neatly with the speculation of one of my students that the influence of the Alger books did not end with the period of their publication (1880 to 1910) but continued up to 1930. What I also learn, going beyond Feiffer's thoughtful and modest memoir, is that the replacement took over in a way that involved a gradual shift in the

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meaning attached to the major theme of the comic books: an appeal to natural law and heroic virtue (Robin Hood) in the face of a sense of the debility of civil and positive law (the Sheriff of Nottingham). The earliest dramatizations of this theme in the comic books emphasized a collapse of civil law within the United States akin to what happened during Prohibition. The later dramatizations of it increasingly emphasized the collapse of civil law in the totalitarian states of the period. By the time the "comic" *Übermensch* had been transmogrified into the spy-fighting "Mr. America" hero of 1943, the flourishing period of publication that Feiffer analyzes was ready to come to its end. Eisner, Feiffer, and others were on their way to war. Of course, from the point of view of most of their younger readers, including, as Feiffer says, Feiffer himself, this was not the issue. The issue for them was a solid weekly supply of the junk in order to supply fantasies that put the grownup world on the defensive. His emphasis, perhaps, is on the gigantic scale of the fantasy required to countervail the majesty of parental law in the Jewish Bronx; my own might be on the psychic mobility embodied in those hyperbolic capes and wings that enabled some Bronx boys to reach Manhattan's centers of publishing power faster than transportation via the El promised to take them. So, in any event, with *Superman* being the other father to the man, do we grow up. Or both try and try not to.

TIDBIT HISTORY

THE PROUD TOWER. A PORTRAIT OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE WAR: 1890-1914. By BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. *Macmillan. 462 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN WEIGHTMAN

SOME REVIEWERS, including several professors of history, have spoken so warmly of Mrs. Tuchman's book that, after reading it through once, I have been turning over the pages and sampling it again to see if I can find anything in it that is not merely what the French would

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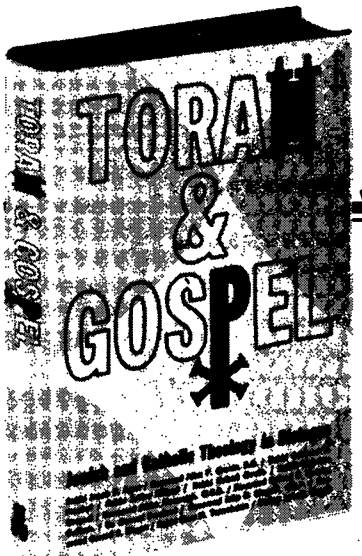

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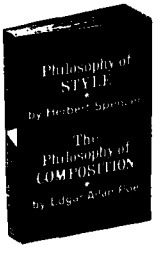

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call *haute vulgarisation*. But in vain. I can discover no original judgments, no rethinking of the problems involved; merely a series of brightly written essays on various aspects of the pre-1914 world, and their overall effect does not correspond at all to the title of the book, which presumably survives from Mrs. Tuchman's original plan to investigate how the prewar Golden Age of *la belle époque* was brought to an end. As she explains in her preface, she came to realize that early 20th-century culture, both European and American, was no monolithic achievement overlooking the imminent holocaust of the First World War. It was a welter of class differences and national rivalries, of crazy philosophies and personal stupidities. No wonder the war occurred. A good proportion of people, if not the majority, even seem to have wanted it, through that mad instinct for self-destruction which overwhelms societies from time to time. So many Romantic idiots who thought they were escaping from the debilitating effects of peace "like swimmers into cleanness leaping" landed in a sea of blood and mud which proved to them, but too late, that warfare was now disgusting, whatever true or false nobility it may have had in the past. If any lesson emerges from Mrs. Tuchman's disparate chapters, it is that human beings in the mass are pathetic creatures, who hardly ever realize what they are doing and who rush blindly downhill like the Gadarene swine. This may be the case, but it does not appear to be Mrs. Tuchman's conscious philosophy, at least if one judges by her style. She herself seems to be insulated from the extreme pessimism that her book suggests. Perhaps she can be more cheerful than her reader because she has enjoyed the assembling of picturesque details, whereas he is forced to meditate on their implications. It comes as quite a shock to find her saying on the last page of her book:

> The proud tower built up through the great age of European civilization was an edifice of grandeur and passion, of riches and beauty and dark cellars. Its inhabitants lived, as compared to a later time, with more self-reliance, more confidence, more hope; greater magnificence, extravagance and elegance; more careless ease, more gaiety, more pleasure in each other's company and conversation, more injustice and hypocrisy, more misery and want, more sentiment including false sentiment, less sufferance of mediocrity, more dignity in work, more delight in nature, more zest. The Old World had much that has since been lost, whatever may have been gained.

These generalizations are far too vague and rosy, and indeed very similar to the nostalgic remarks people made at the beginning of the 19th century, when they looked back to the riches and beauty, confidence and hope, careless ease and gaiety, etc., of the world preceding the French Revolution of 1789. The "Old World" is always the one before the last major cataclysm and the *laudator temporis acti* can always say that much has been lost, whatever has been gained. The historian's business, surely, is to describe what happened in as coherent a manner as possible and to suggest the working of cause and effect wherever he can. Mrs. Tuchman's method is to take soundings in various areas of European and American history, emphasizing the personal, anecdotal side, and neglecting the roots of the phenomena she is dealing with. What she provides is well-documented historical entertainment, if it is entertaining to consider the tragic folly of mankind.

IT IS true that behind each of her eight chapters is a single idea. Chapter One describes the last stage of the privileged English upper class, the "patricians," who ruled as if by divine right before death-duties, income-tax, and the rise of democracy whittled down the reality of their power. Then, in Chapter Two, Mrs. Tuchman gives an account of anarchism in various European countries, the anarchist being, as it were, the polar opposite of the English gentleman. Chapter Three, "The End of A Dream," shows how the United States, against the wishes of its more enlightened statesmen,

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abandoned its pacific idealism and adopted the imperialistic attitude of the European powers. The struggle between Right and Left in France, particularly as it expressed itself in the Dreyfus Affair, occupies Chapter Four. The title of Chapter Five, "The Steady Drummer," is an ironical comment on the fact that the throbbing of the war-drums could be heard all through the Peace Conferences of the Hague. Germany occupies Chapter Six; Mrs. Tuchman has chosen Richard Strauss as the most vivid representative of neo-Nietzschean attitudes. In Chapter Seven, she comes back to England to discuss "The Transfer of Power" by which the Labour Party took over from the Liberals as the chief opposition to the Tories. The final chapter, "The Death of Jaurés," deals with the behavior of the various European Socialist parties in the face of the growing threat of war, and ends with the assassination of Jaurés, which seemed to ring down the curtain on the last hopes of peace.

This policy of the lucky dip cuts across historical problems. We see the English patricians in all their glory in Chapter One, and then by Chapter Seven, the cloth-caps and the working-class accents start to take over. How and why did this happen? The English upper class was the most serenely confident in the whole of Europe; why did it not dig its heels in like the French Right? Why did it allow the bloodless revolution? Mrs. Tuchman does not address herself to this sort of question, which remains unanswered in the reader's mind. How were the English able to show great political wisdom in some respects, and yet give way to jingoism at certain critical moments? Was it inevitable that America should adopt the selfishly immoral attitudes of the European powers? The author rather implies that it was, although she builds up the representatives of the old America into rational, civilized heroes preaching against the rising tide of barbarism. Why does she choose a German musician as a key figure, especially one who was disapproved of by the Kaiser? One can see that Strauss and the Kaiser were tarred with the same brush, even though there was no sympathy between them, and therefore that Strauss has a social and political relevance. But why deal at length with Strauss and make only passing reference to Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Barrès who, as artists, were in comparable positions with regard to the collective ethos of England and France? Why, in discussing the pre-1914 world, devote two chapters to England and only one to Germany, when in fact the second chapter on England has little or no connection with the causes of the war?

Perhaps I have labored the point long enough. I may even have been wrong in saying that this is *haute vulgarisation,* since the aim of vulgarization is to make the provisional findings of the specialists readily available to the general public. Mrs. Tuchman has served up the findings as tidbits, in such a way as to suggest dozens of questions without answering them. The entity she has chosen to deal with—the "pre-1914 world"

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—is not a true intellectual entity, but a collocation of political and sociological phenomena in various stages of development. She has made semi-literary soup out of mixed historical bones. A certain amount of talent is needed to do this sort of thing, but I am not sure that it is really worth doing.

THE LITERARY VOCATION

THE BIT BETWEEN MY TEETH. By EDMUND WILSON. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 668 pp. $7.75.*

EDMUND WILSON. By SHERMAN PAUL. *University of Illinois Press. 237 pp. $5.75.*

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

PROFESSOR Sherman Paul's assessment of Edmund Wilson's career, subtitled "A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time," is a conscientious and thoughtful piece of work which will probably be found most useful for its presentation of Wilson's social and intellectual background. By the end of the book, the description it contains of Wilson as one of the last of the "old Romans" of the American Republic has a moving and convincing effect on the reader, who has been shown something of Wilson's family circumstances and education, and who has seen what Wilson has made of his times and what the times have made of him. However, as one reads some of the expository and analytical portions of the study, one cannot help feeling occasionally that there is really less need than the author supposes for Wilson's ideas to be interpreted and explained to the public, for among his many other gifts Wilson has always had that of being able to make his own meanings abundantly clear. What one would welcome, instead, is careful guidance in distinguishing between that part of Wilson's work which embodies his strengths, and that in which, paradoxically, the same strengths appear to turn into disadvantages. And this task Professor Paul does not carry out.

Admittedly, the task is not an easy one—and not only because Wilson has always been so formidably various and unpredictable a

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writer. One distinction that can be made fairly confidently is that on the whole Wilson's "creative" work—his plays, poems, and stories—are less interesting than his criticism; in fact, a complaint against Paul's book could be that he devotes too much of his space to presenting Wilson as a playwright, or Wilson as a novelist, when we know that the Wilson who is important to us is the critic. (I suspect that Professor Paul wished to avoid the appearance of merely writing "criticism of criticism"; that he fell victim to the prestige which is attached to the idea of "creativity" as such.) But that distinction apart, anyone who wishes to judge Wilson's work by the categories or compartments into which it can be put is likely to find himself completely baffled.

With a writer whose career has extended over a long time, it is usually possible to say that this or that period was his most successful; that this manner or that genre was most fitted to his talents; that these personal circumstances or that set of beliefs were especially liberating or constricting for him. But remarks like these would be less true of Wilson than of almost any other writer I can think of. He has written equally well at the beginning of his career and in the most recent phase of it; as a casual reviewer or literary journalist and as a writer of formal, extended critical essays; as a social reporter and as a historian; as a liberal, as a Marxist, and as the conservative individualist or anarchist he now appears to be. Conversely, it must be admitted that he has also written slackly at all these times, in all these modes, and holding all these beliefs.

Everyone who has learned from him—and there can be few intellectuals in the English-speaking world who have not learned from him—will know that he is a man of truly extraordinary curiosity and indefatigable energy, of great erudition and dogged independence of mind, of admirable generosity and openness of response. But when his attention and intelligence are not fully engaged, his openness can lead him to default repeatedly on what he himself has described as one of the primary tasks of the critic—to tell good art from bad; his independence of mind can turn into a crotchetiness which manages to appear both irritable and self-satisfied at the same time; in giving rein to his energy and curiosity he can display a startling absence of self-criticism, and can altogether misjudge the relevance and the intrinsic interest of any particular subject he happens to be investigating.

ALL THE defects of his virtues are liberally illustrated in *The Bit Between My Teeth*, the latest of his "literary chronicles" and a companion volume to *The Shores of Light* and *Classics and Commericials*. The range of the reviews, occasional articles, and memoirs collected in the book is as wide as ever; the authors discussed are as different as de Sade and Dawn Powell, and the subjects are as various as gamesmanship, Russian attitudes toward the West, and American and Russian attitudes toward mushrooms. But in too many of the essays Wilson offers tired, unconvincing endorsements of second-rate writers; in one long essay on T. S. Eliot he does very much less than justice to a great writer, without even managing to define successfully Eliot's limitations; in pieces listing current clichés and solecisms, or describing his "fifty years with dictionaries and grammars," he overestimates the patience of his readers. (His articles on clichés, for example, seem merely fussy and pedantic in comparison with an essay like "Politics and the English Language" by George Orwell.) However, among the failures and fatigued performances there are a few pieces which could be included in any anthology of Wilson's best work: in particular, the discussions of Theodore Roosevelt and of the Holmes-Laski correspondence, and the first of the two essays on *Dr. Zhivago*.

Of these, the Roosevelt article is a historical study, the piece on

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the Holmes-Laski letters is in large part a memoir of Harold Laski; only the essay on *Dr. Zhivago* is purely literary. It may seem little enough to say that the same *kind* of intelligence is at work in all three of the essays; yet in doing so, one is pointing at an aspect of what is ultimately most impressive about Wilson's finest achievements as a writer. Literature has never been for him a self-enclosed system or specialism to be mastered, or a subject of academic study, or a source of private, exclusive pleasure; his interest in it has never been separate from his interest in the lives of other men, and in the history of their societies and cultures; it has never been divorced from his effort to understand and illuminate the complexities of his own experience—"to cure," as he has put it, in speaking of the art of others, "the ache of disorder, [to be] relieved of some oppressive burden of uncomprehended events."

He has described criticism as "a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them." If one keeps that definition in mind, one realizes that variety and diversity are far from being the only words to be used in describing his career; one has to speak also of continuity and unity. I am not thinking here only of the fact that, as Professor Paul points out in his book, certain of Wilson's moral and intellectual attitudes (or inheritances) have remained constant through all the changes of his outlook and subject-matter—his rationalist temper, his sense of social responsibility, the skeptical yet passionate belief, which in some measure he still holds, in the capacity of mankind to learn from the past and so to improve itself. These are of great importance in one's sense of what he has accomplished; but one must go on to say that a profound awareness of the continuity between thought and life, or between art and life, characterizes all his most important work, and that the ever-changing nature of that continuity can itself be described as his essential subject. This seems to be as true of the strongest parts of a book "pure" literary criticism like *Axel's Castle* as it is of a historical study *To the Finland Station;* it is certainly true of the essay on Dickens in *The Wound and the Bow,* or those on Pushkin, Henry James, and John Jay Chapman in *The Triple Thinkers,* or the chapters on such diverse figures as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lincoln and (again) Justice Holmes in *Patriotic Gore.* That Wilson can produce a piece of work comparable with these only at relatively rare intervals should neither surprise us nor diminish our gratitude for what he has done.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

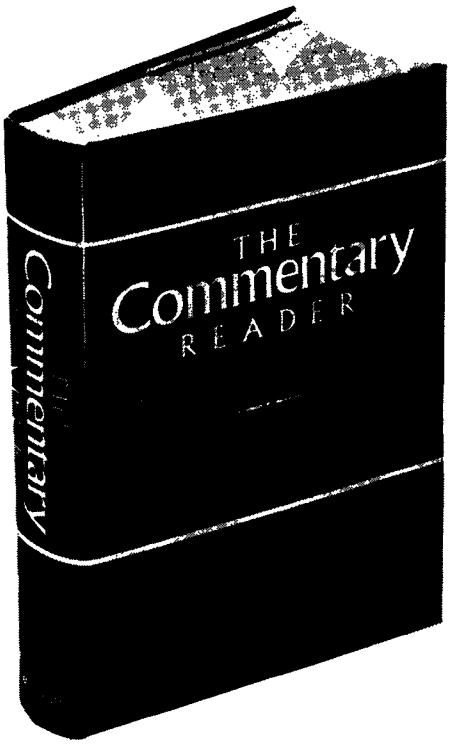
WILLIAM PHILLIPS, *a frequent contributor, is editor of* Partisan Review.

DAVID DAICHES *contributed "Presenting the Bible" to our September (1965) issue.*

REUEL DENNEY, *co-author of* The Lonely Crowd, *is professor of sociology at the University of Hawaii.*

JOHN WEIGHTMAN *is the well-known English literary critic.*

DAN JACOBSON *reviewed Lionel Trilling's* Beyond Culture *in our March issue. His latest novel is* The Beginners.



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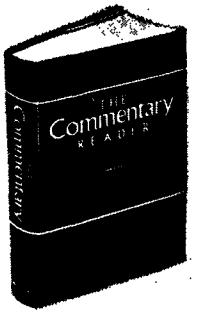

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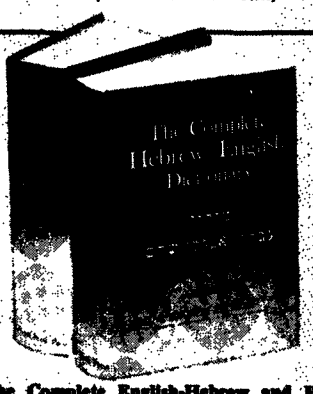

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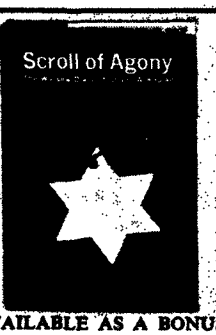

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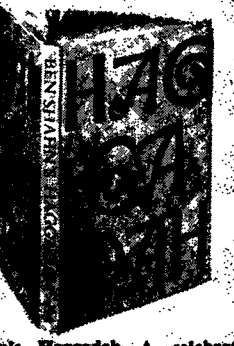

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New this month *Beyond the Melting Pot*, first published three years ago, has won widespread recognition as a major contribution to the field of American studies and must be accorded a firm position in any bookshelf devoted to immigration and Americanization. The authors, Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan, are native New Yorkers. Out of their long involvement with public affairs, one as a sociologist and the other as a political scientist, they observed that the New York "melting pot" had failed to work according to prediction, and that the city's principal ethnic groups had maintained distinct if changing identities from generation to generation. How each of them grew from its original enclave to become a vital but self-aware force in the political and social life of New York has been recorded here with extraordinary candor.

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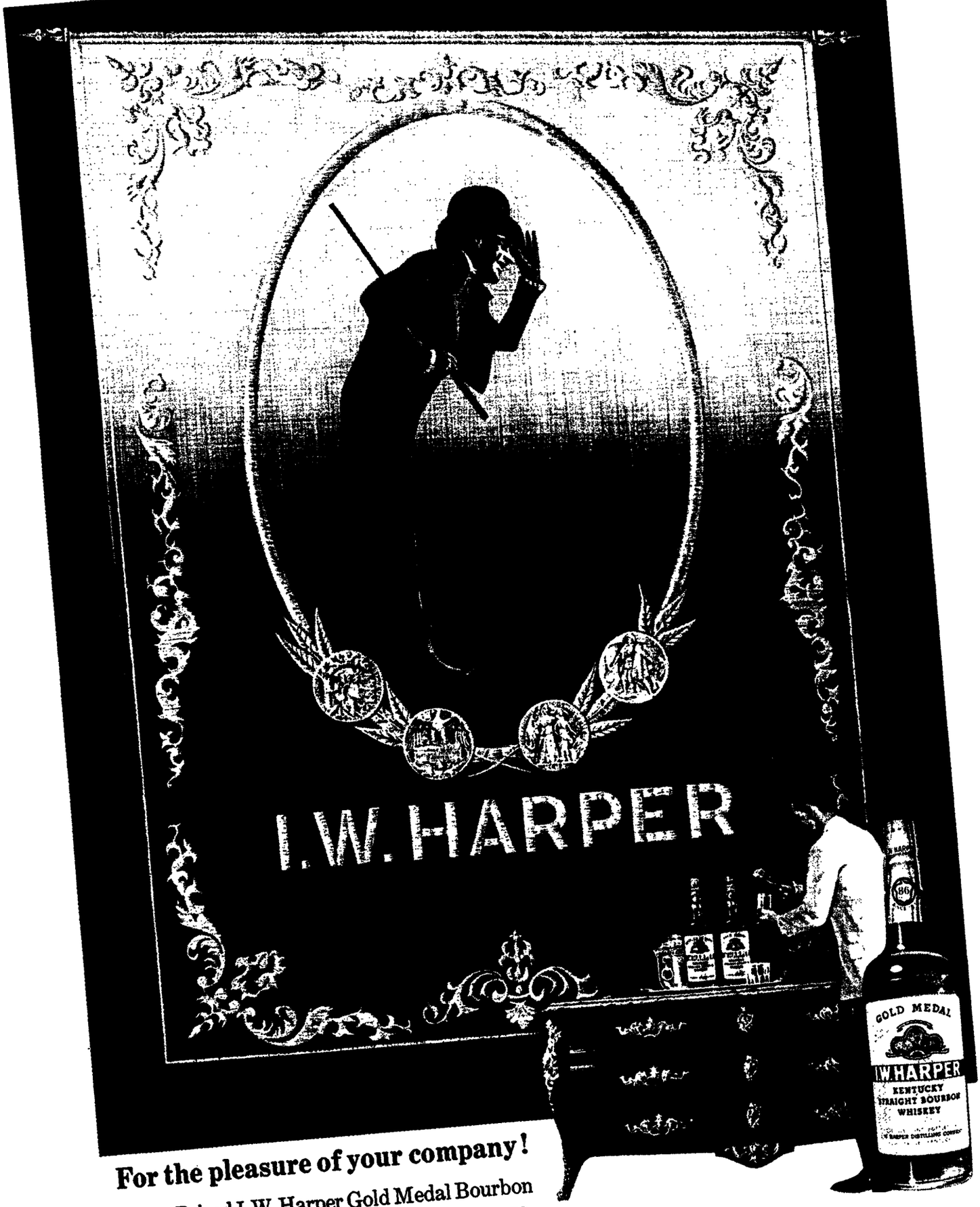

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